

Children's Newspaper

Every Tuesday—Threepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

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Northmen Come A-Roving to Britain While Four Thousand Rovers Invade Norway

ABOARD THE GOOD SHIP HUGIN

Friendly Invaders of Britain's Shores

IN THE WAKE OF HENGIST & HORSIA

A WARM send-off was given to the Viking ship Hugin when she left the shores of Denmark on July 18 to "invade" Britain. And just as warm a welcome will attend her wherever she "invades" Britain, following in the wake of the renowned Hengist and Horsa who landed in Thanet 1500 years ago; for this is an invasion impelled by the hand of friendship.

There was keen competition among the young Danes for a place in the crew. Over 20,000 applied and began growing beards in case they were selected. The final choice was confined to strong oarsmen between the ages of 19 and 24, all members of Denmark's leading rowing clubs.

All the crew had to be sufficiently "tough" to withstand rigours and hazards of the voyage, for conditions aboard the Viking ship are almost identical with those experienced by Hengist and his men; the 1949 "invaders" are facing hardships and problems that confronted their predecessors 1500 years ago.

The "Chief Viking" is Erik Suell Kiersgaard, an insurance agent from Copenhagen who speaks fluent English. His navigator is P. C. Jensen, an experienced seaman from Gentofte. Altogether thirty different trades and professions are represented in the crew, including eight undergraduates, students, and apprentices.

Two doctors and a dentist will row side by side with

REPLICA of a Viking ship with a picturesque figure head, the Hugin weighs 15 tons, is 80 feet long, with a 16-foot beam, and a 40-foot mast flying a Black Raven ensign.

The ship was christened Hugin after one of the two ravens that the Norse God Odin carried on his shoulders, and which were sent to Earth daily to report on Man's conduct.



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two bricklayers — one bearing the name Hans Andersen — a butcher and two policemen. As shipmates they will have a master paper-hanger, a cigar sorter, two booksellers, and a gardener. Other members of the crew include an architect, a joiner, two shipbuilders, and a shop assistant. All are clad in authentic Viking costume.

The crew is split into three watches of 18 oarsmen — one watch resting while the other two row the ship; thus 32 oarsmen are rowing the ship plus the aid of sails. The oars protrude through holes in the ship's side, which is covered with coloured shields. The crew sit on wooden boxes in which their personal gear is stowed, and a tent is rigged amidships for the watch that is resting. Simple meals are prepared over a fire on a metal plate.

Moot Among the Mountains

ROVER SCOUTS OF MANY LANDS

AMONG the snowclad mountains of Norway's Jotunheimen district some 4000 young men from 27 countries have gathered this week for the Fourth World Rover Moot. Rovers are members of the Scout Movement between 17½ and 25, and their Moot is similar to the Scouts' Jamboree.

For at least five globe-trotting lads this gathering is the goal of a great adventure. Three of them are the Australians and one the New Zealander the CN wrote about some weeks ago, who worked their way to England and have been working here to save enough money to go to the Moot.

They have been living in the ship Discovery at the Thames Embankment, where they were joined by another Australian, Kelvin Porter, who told the CN, before he left for the Moot, that saving enough money has been a tough job.

Before leaving the Old Country two of our young Australian visitors resolved to see more of it, and they hitch-hiked all over southern England.

Summer Snowballing

The young travellers are now seeing something very different from the gentle, hedge-enclosed countryside of Wessex. For one thing, they are probably doing some summer snowballing, for the World Moot is being held amid snowclad heights at Skjak (pronounced Shawk) in the mountainous Jotunheimen district. In this district are the highest mountains of Norway, two of which—Glittertind and Galdhøpiggen—are over 8000 feet, well above the snowline. West of Jotunheimen is the largest perpetual snowfield and glacier in Europe, the Jostedal Brae, of which the summit is nearly 6800 feet. This huge ice-cap covers an area of 330 square miles. Skjak, where the big camp has been set up, is a tiny village in a popular winter sports district.

Big British Party

Amid the rugged grandeur of this wild region the hardy Rovers are spending days of fun and adventure in which mountaineering plays a large part. The Moot is being held from August 2 to 12, and on August 8 the Rovers start on a three-day hike for which they will be divided up into international patrols of ten, each under the leadership of a Norwegian Rover.

The British contingent is the largest at the Moot, consisting of about 1000 from the British Isles and the Commonwealth. Four hundred went to Norway by plane, and others went by boat from Dover to Ostend, where they boarded a special train which collected more contingents of jolly Rovers from several other countries as it travelled north across Europe.

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CATCH!

A seagull was seen to rise from the waters of the River Nairn, in Scotland, the other day with a struggling two-pound trout in its beak. When the bird alighted on the bank and appeared about to enjoy its meal a bystander ran towards it. Immediately the seagull flew off, leaving the fine fish behind it.

Saving the Teddy Bear

SCHOOLCHILDREN in Victoria are co-operating with the Fisheries and Game Department in the preservation of Australia's quaint little koala, original of the Teddy Bear of our nurseries.

The children are reporting the location of the koalas, and the Department sends out its inspectors. Should the animals be living in areas where there is a great risk of bush fires they are removed to safe areas.

Throughout Victoria there are probably thousands of koalas but their location is unknown to the Department.

Toward the end of last century large numbers of koalas inhabited Victoria, but most of them were wiped out in an epidemic which swept the country in 1890. Only three known natural colonies remained.

During the last 20 years the koalas have grown in numbers, especially at the sanctuary on Phillip Island. This has allowed the building of more colonies.

Although the koala has very sharp claws, it is quite a harmless creature. It lives on gum leaves, and is pictured on the halfpenny Australian stamp.

HE HAS PLAYED FOR ENGLAND!



Brian Close, Yorkshire's 18-year-old all-rounder, who was chosen to represent England against the New Zealanders at Manchester, is the youngest English player ever to be selected for a Test Match team.

Co-operation Can Lead to Recovery

THE question of Britain's economic situation has been much to the fore of late, as expressed in the serious news of the dollar crisis, the big cuts in dollar purchases, and the meeting of Commonwealth Finance Ministers in London.

How does our position compare with that of the rest of the world? How are other nations earning a livelihood?

A recently-published United Nations document, entitled *World Economic Report, 1948*, gives an interesting picture of the present-day position of world economy. It shows, despite the crisis, important increases in the output of many goods. Thus we learn that more food is grown now than in 1938, that more coal and lignite, more oil, more textiles are produced, and that there is a larger heavy industry.

Chemicals, which play such a vital role in all fields of production, are being turned out in quantities much greater than

before the war—and, incidentally, Britain has now replaced Germany as the world's second largest producer of chemicals. There are also more ships to carry the world's goods—the merchant fleets of the world are one-sixth larger than in 1939.

Yet, in spite of these important advances, the world is not in good economic health. The *World Economic Report, 1948*, gives several reasons for this. For one thing the increase in the production of various useful goods has not been quite even. In other words, there has been an expansion of production in some countries (especially in USA) but no increase, or even a decrease, in others. Considering that the world's population is growing by 55,000 daily, the production increases may not have really caught up with the larger demand.

Rusty Mechanism

But what is more important—and this is stressed by the *World Economic Report*—the mechanism of world trade is still rusty, as it were. Although four years have passed since the war ended, international trade is clogged by various difficulties; and one of the most important of them is the problem of the so-called hard-currencies.

An example will explain this phrase. Some nations have a lot of goods of one kind; others have big supplies of other kinds. Yet exchange between them is not easy because the means of making exchange possible—money of a particular kind, for example dollars—are lacking.

It is said that a currency a nation finds difficult to come by is *hard*. This matter of hard currency has naturally led many countries to try finding ways of increasing soft currency trade—soft currency being the money which is more readily available in international exchanges. When saying "hard" or "soft" currency we use relative terms.

By and large it can be said that as far as European countries are concerned European currencies are "soft" and American currencies "hard." It may very well happen that soon we shall see greater trade *within* Europe and the Commonwealth as a direct result of these difficulties.

The Best Way Out

The problem of Empire trade was given a good deal of attention at the recent Conference of Commonwealth Finance Ministers. The Ministers agreed that a system of a single world-wide trade was not possible at the moment and that the best way of getting out of dollar troubles was to expand the export of Commonwealth goods to America, at the same time developing trade within the Commonwealth and with Europe.

The UN economic report and the London conference show that we are not alone in suffering from economic troubles. The whole world is labouring under the burden of a crisis; and the real hope of recovery rests in getting all nations of the world to co-operate in using the work of mankind to the best advantage.

HOT WATER ANTS IN HOT WATER

AN ant with the queer native name of the Hot Water Ant has been getting itself into hot water lately because scientists have discovered that it is the cause of frightful havoc among the clove trees of the island of Zanzibar, off the East African coast.

The island has enjoyed a world monopoly of the supply of cloves, but the evergreen clove trees, whose dried-up flower buds are known as cloves to cooks and chemists all over the world, have been attacked by a disease called "sudden death." Scientists have been studying this disease and they have found it is caused by a parasite carried to the trees by the Hot Water Ant.

Explaining this recently, the Director of the East African Agricultural Research Organisation, said that the clove industry in the neighbouring island of Pemba might be saved by ruthlessly uprooting affected trees.

But before long, we do not doubt, a more economical remedy will be discovered by the scientists.

BREAD AND MILK FOR BILLY ROOK

WHEN 12-year-old Edwin Bold, of New Mills, found a young rook lying in a wood at Furness Vale, having fallen out of the nest and injured its right leg, he carried the casualty home and fed it.

That was over three months ago. Now, when Edwin appears, the rook, called Billy, flies to his shoulder and "kisses" him with its long beak, or perches on his finger.

Billy's time is spent in the garden at Edwin's home. When sparrows, jackdaws, and other birds appear, or when other rooks fly overhead, Billy makes no attempt to leave. Billy Rook was brought up on bread and milk, and, although it is still the favourite dish, Edwin and his friends sometimes dig up worms as a special tit-bit for their friend.

ROVER MOOT

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Lord Rowallan, Chief Scout of the British Commonwealth and Empire, is attending the Moot, after which he will attend the Twelfth International Scout Conference at Elveston in Norway. Lord Baden-Powell, son of the Founder of the Scouts, is attached to British Headquarters of the Moot.

World Rover Moots are held, in normal times, every four years. The word moot, or mote, was used by the Anglo-Saxons for a meeting. Thus the early English Assembly was called the Witenagemot, and there are towns which have Moot halls. In the City of London a meeting to elect a councillor for the Corporation is still called a Ward Moot. At the Halls of the Inns of Court students used to hold moots to debate imaginary law cases; hence something open to doubt became known as a "moot point."

There is certainly no element of doubt in a Rover Moot, where young men of many nations, races, and religions meet to show that the spirit of adventure can be developed in peace through comradeship.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

SCHOOLBOY EXPLORERS

More than sixty schoolboys between 16 and 18 are in an expedition which is leaving this week to map the far north of Norway. The expedition was arranged by the British Schools Exploring Society.

There are over 100,000 members of the Junior Red Cross in Britain, helping with every aspect of the many peacetime activities of the British Red Cross Society. The motto of Junior Red Cross members throughout the world is *Serve One Another*.

There are now 473,216 Scouts and Cubs in Britain—a record.

The Revd W. H. H. Cooper, rector of Tockenhams, Wiltshire, since 1892, celebrated his 99th birthday recently, and says he has no intention of retiring.

Hands Across the Sea

Twenty British war orphans who spent a holiday in France recently shook hands so many times that their arms ached.

It has been decided that next year's Royal Naval and Military Tournament shall be held at Earl's Court, London, instead of at Olympia, owing to the great demand for seats. The Tournament has been held at Olympia since 1906.



This model of the galleon Robert Prince was built up from 5750 used matches by a regular soldier, George Day, who worked on it for six years. The galleon has been entered for the Model Engineers' Exhibition in London this month.

Canberra, Australia, had a fall of snow of twelve inches not long ago, the heaviest for twenty years.

Two swallows rescued a swift at Cookham, Berkshire, when it became trapped in its nest.

SILVER SPOON

The villagers of Coombe, Oxfordshire, have presented a Charles I silver spoon to the Duke of Edinburgh as a present for Prince Charles.

At the Royal Commission on Betting, Lotteries, and Gaming, it was revealed that the estimated turnover of football pool betting has increased from £20,000,000 in 1935-36 to about £61,250,000 in 1948-49.

Because of the dangerous condition of the central spire of Lichfield Cathedral, the top twenty feet is to be rebuilt. The three spires of the cathedral are known as the "Ladies of the Vale."

A gooseberry bush growing several feet from the ground, in a tree at Tiverton, Devon, has yielded abundant fruit.

Winged Messengers

At Worthing a new memorial in the shape of a bird bath and drinking pool commemorates the carrier pigeons which were killed during the war.

The 30th anniversary of the first commercial flight from London to Brussels was commemorated recently when Lord Douglas, Chairman of B.E.A., arrived at Brussels airport in a Vickers Viking. The flight from London took an hour and 15 minutes. Thirty years ago he flew there from London in two and a half hours in a twin-engined Handley-Page

The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon now has a surplus of £10,000.

People at Sidcup, Kent, have given £140 towards the expenses of giving ten Austrian children a holiday in the town for ten weeks in the autumn.

REBEL REMEMBERED

A stone tablet has been placed in the outer wall of Norwich Castle to commemorate Robert Kett, who was executed 400 years ago for leading the Norfolk insurrection in 1549.

Recent arrivals at Sydney were 20 British boys between 15 and 17½ who have emigrated there under the Big Brother Movement. Another party are on the way, and 30 more boys are due to sail at the end of September.

Heyswood, a new camp site for Girl Guides, has been opened at Cobham, Surrey.

The number of children killed on the roads during May was 83, compared with 105 in May last year. But altogether, 377 people were killed and 14,271 people injured in road accidents, an increase on the figures for May 1948 of 76 killed and 3371 injured.

The National Aeronautical Collection has closed to enable the unfinished wing of the Science Museum to be completed for use in the 1951 Festival of Britain. It is hoped to display the collection later in a building near the Museum.

New Planet

A new planet has been discovered by Dr Walter Bade of the Mount Wilson and Mount Palomar observatories which approaches within 22 million miles of the Sun, closer than any other planet.

Among 47 religious denominations in Southern Rhodesia, by far the largest in European membership is the Church of England, which in 1946 had 31,232 adherents. Next came Roman Catholics with 12,671; the Dutch Reformed Church, 11,732; Presbyterians, 8827; Methodists with 7815; and Jewish Faith, 3478. There were eight Deists or Theists, and eleven Mormons.

The number of native pupils attending school in Southern Rhodesia has increased in five years from 125,000 to 210,000.

A party of Pastors and Youth Leaders from the British Zone of Germany are spending a month here as guests of the Boys' Brigade.

EYE ON THE SCREEN

Eye operations at St Thomas's Hospital, London, were televised to students not long ago. In an adjoining room the students saw the operations, magnified to six times their normal size, on a 15-inch screen.

LIKE FATHER . . .

It may not be long before another Campbell appears in the list of the world's record-breakers. Donald Campbell, the late Sir Malcolm's 28-year-old son, intends to carry on where his illustrious father left off.

He was among the party which went to Utah Salt Flats in 1935 with the famous, Bluebird car, and he had the great pleasure of watching his father reach a land speed record of over 300 m.p.h. Later, just before the war, he was one of the mechanics who prepared the wonderful Bluebird motor-boat in which Sir Malcolm set up a new water record of 141.7 m.p.h.

When Sir Malcolm Campbell passed away he was busily engaged in developing a new jet-propelled Bluebird for another attempt on the world's water speed record. His son inherited this wonderful boat, and is now making arrangements at Lake Coniston for his first attempt to set up a new record.

Wallpaper History

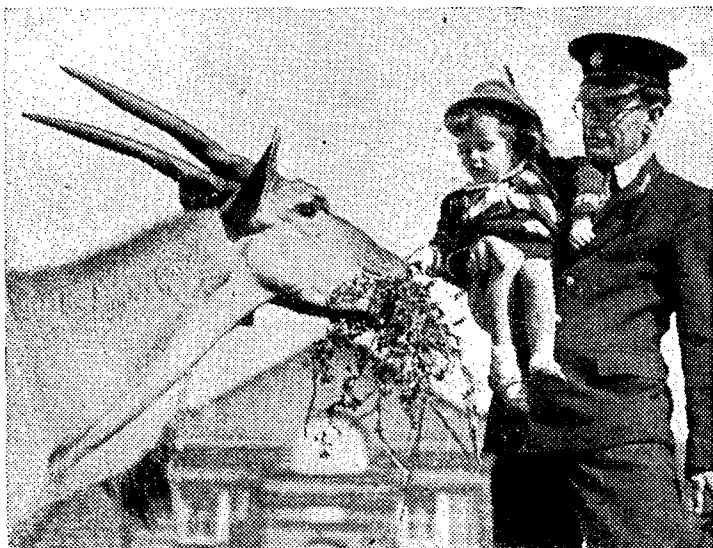
THE most famous museum of wallpapers, which has more than 700 irreplaceable specimens, has been reopened in Germany.

It is at the Castle of Wilhelmshoehe, near Kassel; and the collection includes leather wallpapers of 300 years ago. The collection was built up through many years by Heinrich Apell, who is now director of the museum but who once owned a large wallpaper firm. Some of the specimens were taken from crumbling walls of old castles.

Bobby Poulbot

WHEN Bobby Henrey, the boy film star, was in Paris recently for the opening of the French version of *The Fallen Idol*, his mother took him for a day to Montmartre, where she was born.

At an open-air tea-party given in his honour Bobby was unanimously elected an honorary "Poulbot" by the children. Poulbot was the name of a well-known French painter who delighted in painting Montmartre children. His portraits became so famous that Montmartre children have been known as Poulbots ever since.



Snack For the Eland

This three-year-old visitor to the London Zoo required the assistance of the keeper to feed Sally the Eland.

ELECTRIC BOAT TRAINS

THE Newhaven-Dieppe boat train from Victoria, London, has made railway history by being the first boat train to be hauled by an electric engine.

Throughout the summer the train is being worked by the three electric locomotives which have been built by the Southern Region of British Railways. They are capable of 75 m.p.h. and can be used continually for several days and nights without maintenance.

They Caught The Last Tram

IT seemed to the Dublin authorities that after 77 years of trams (now replaced by Leyland buses) the last journey of the city's last tram would be an interesting occasion; so they arranged a radio commentary and commissioned a brass band to play the tram out of town.

They under-estimated the interest! Such vast crowds swarmed round this goodbye-for-ever tram that the brass band could not get anywhere near it, and the radio commentary had to be abandoned. That last tram arrived at its depot all forlorn; seats, windows, and side panels—all taken by souvenir hunters.

GOLFING HAZARDS

STRANGE things have been happening on golf courses lately.

On a green of a course near Derby a player was preparing to make a putt which—if he succeeded in sinking the ball in the hole—would have won the match. He tapped the ball, it rolled straight for the hole, and was about to drop in when a frog popped out and stopped it!

On a course at Stone, Staffordshire, a pigeon came to its end through getting itself mixed up in a game of golf. It was flying over the course when a high ball hit and killed it. We can imagine golfing mathematicians sitting down and trying to work out how many millions of balls must be hit before another golfer could get such a "birdie."

FRIENDLY LINK

The CN will be sent each week for a year to any address in the world for 17s 4d. Please send remittances to Subscription Dept., Children's Newspaper, Fleetway House, London, E.C.4.

Look Out For Speargrass

AT this time of year the whiskery-headed speargrass often causes much suffering to dogs and cats, and the trouble has been severe this summer owing to the drought.

The tiny spear-like hairs and the seeds of this unpleasant weed get into the ears, eyes, noses, and feet of cats and dogs, and can cause intense pain.

An animal so affected limps, bites its paws, shakes its head or holds it sideways, or its eyes become watery and inflamed. At these signs skilled advice should be sought. The People's Dispensary for Sick Animals are always ready to help.

It is a good thing to cut down and burn speargrass in order to avoid suffering to animals.

GREAT WEEK IN WALES

THE Welsh people's great cultural festival, the Royal Welsh National Eisteddfod is taking place this week at the historic town of Dolgelly, among the mountains of Merionethshire. It is a week of enthusiastic competitions in poetry, music, oratory, and drama in Welsh.

Dolgelly has associations with Owen Glendower, who, in the opening years of the 15th century, fought valiantly but unsuccessfully for the independence of Wales. A treaty he made with France was dated at Dolgelly.

Schoolgirls' Turn

IT is high time schoolgirls had their own exhibition, for the boys have had no fewer than 23.

The first Schoolgirls' Exhibition ever held is to be opened at the Royal Horticultural Hall, London, on Friday, August 5, and will remain open until August 20.

Choice of careers will be a prominent feature, and several well-known people, at an Open Forum, will talk of their work and answer questions. Leading sportswomen will be there to give advice.

The YWCA exhibit is called International Friendship, and at their information stand there will be members from many different countries, wearing their national costume.

For girls, admission to the Exhibition is 1s 9d; for adults, 2s 3d.

HOE UNEARTH'S ROMAN BROOCH

WHILE hoeing carrots on a field at South Acre, in Norfolk, a man unearthed a relic which has been identified as a bronze Roman trumpet brooch.

Mr Rainbird Clarke, Assistant Curator of Norwich Castle Museum, dates the brooch to the second century A.D. It is about two inches long, and, apart from the fact that the pin is missing, in perfect condition.

Seeing Canada

A PARTY of fifty boys aged between 14 and 17, from all parts of Britain, has just arrived in Canada in the Empress of France for a six-week holiday.

They are members of Boys' Clubs, and they were chosen by selection committees to which each county put forward its "best boy."

The holiday is being financed by Mr Garfield Weston, a prominent business man connected with the biscuit industry, who was born and educated in Canada and came to Britain in 1934. It is his wish that the boys should have a chance of seeing Canada.

Two of the boys from Belfast have taken a letter of greeting from the Governor of Northern Ireland to Field-Marshal Alexander, the distinguished Ulsterman who is Governor-General of Canada.

NEW INDEPENDENT STATE

THE Kingdom of Laos, east of Siam, has become an independent State within the framework of the French Union. Its status, therefore, is now similar to that of a Dominion of the British Commonwealth.

Once part of French Indo-China, Laos has a population of nearly two millions, and it stretches for over 700 miles with an average width of 155 miles. The great River Mekong flows through the country, and for part of its course forms the boundary between Laos and Siam.

Queer Nest

A reader of the CN who lives at Brize-Norton, in Oxfordshire, tells us of a dove's nest on her farm, built entirely of wire.

This dove-who-wanted-to-be-different, searching for nest-building materials came upon an aeroplane hangar nearby which had been covered with quantities of wire, used for camouflage. "Why not wire?" cooed Mrs Dove, and "Why—er—not?" replied Mr. So their home was as thoroughly wired as the most elaborately-electrified modern house—only there was no danger of "short circuits" in theirs.

Mrs Dove laid and hatched two eggs, and the chicks have apparently grown up into wiry young birds.

True Canterbury Tale

ALL who have read the Book of Kent in the King's England Series, will welcome the appearance of Arthur Mee's Canterbury (Hodder & Stoughton, 3s 6d).

This glowing account of the ancient city and its cathedral—revised, and illustrated with many splendid photographs—makes an attractive guide; certainly no visitor to Canterbury should be without a copy.

Selenographia and Orrery

THE Astronomy Gallery of the Science Museum, South Kensington, recently reopened after being closed since 1939, has many exhibits to interest the inquiring mind, outstanding examples being a selenographia and an orrery.

The selenographia is a new resident there. Given to the museum by the King, it is a globe, made about 1797, on which is a copy of the visible surface of the Moon.

The orrery, another astronomical instrument of the past, is a complicated apparatus which demonstrates the movements of the solar system. One of those at the Science Museum

consists of a number of rods sticking out from mechanism at the centre—where the sun is supposed to be. At the end of each rod is a little ball, representing a planet, and when the mechanism is turned by hand these planets revolve at their appropriate speeds.

The machine gets its name from the Earl of Orrery (1676-1731) who ordered one to be made for him.

Among other interesting exhibits are a ten-foot telescope made by Sir William Herschel, the famous astronomer who lived from 1733 to 1822; and a series of exhibits illustrating the evolution of the sextant.

BRAVE PILOT

PILOT RICHARD COLBOURNE of the R.A.F., who made a forced landing in a Mosquito filled with ammunition, has been awarded the George Medal.

The plane caught fire and Pilot Colbourne, though injured, did not attempt to escape. He went to the rescue of the navigator, and the plane exploded. The navigator afterwards died, and the brave pilot is still suffering from the burns he received.

Pacific Air Link

SEVERAL lonely British outposts in the south-west Pacific are to have more frequent links with the outside world. A fortnightly flying-boat service, operating from Port Moresby, in New Guinea, has now been started.

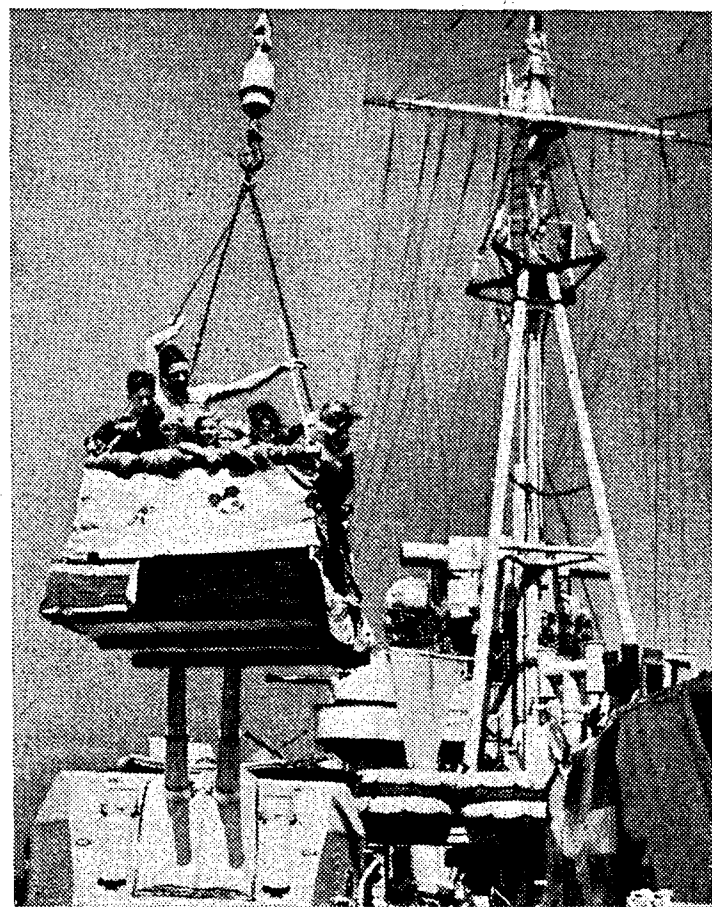
The service goes to isolated places which previously had only a six-monthly service by ship. The island-hopping route embraces such outposts as the Louisiade and d'Entrecasteaux groups, the Trobriands and other islands.

Accidents at Home

EVERY year over 8000 people lose their lives because of accidents in their own houses—more than are killed on the roads—and more than 20,000 people are treated for burns and scalds.

In an effort to get people to realise the dangers of carelessness, members of the W.V.S. have been attending a training course to qualify them to give lectures on the subject.

They will warn people to be careful of such things as loose stair rods, patches of grease on the floor, saucepan handles sticking out from a gas stove, and kettle spouts facing the wrong way. Holes in carpets or linoleum, electrical equipment which can be touched with wet hands, electric heaters in bathrooms, unsafe step-ladders, badly-lit cellar steps, faulty gas-taps, and open scissors left where small children can get hold of them—these are all among other frequent causes of accidents in the home.



Joy Ride

Children visiting the cruiser Superb when it was at Eastbourne were taken for a crane ride by members of the crew who were dressed in pirate's clothes for the occasion.

ERIC GILLET ON TWO FILMS WHICH EMPHASISE THAT . . .

Reality is More Thrilling Than Fiction

LOUISIANA STORY was first shown at the Edinburgh Festival last year, but it has only recently made its appearance in London. It is the work of that famous maker of documentaries, Robert Flaherty, and it has an admirable musical score by the American composer, Virgil Thomson.

As J. B. Priestley remarked in a recent note on this picture, it is to be hoped that it will be shown all over this country, as much of it is pure poetry. The photography is superb, bright and clear; and, as in the Danish film *Palle Alone in the World*, one small boy shoulders most of the burden of the picture.

He lives with his parents among the swamps and forests



The boy and his racoon in Louisiana Story



The Three Musketeers

of Louisiana, and the early sequences show him entirely at home in these wild places. With his companion, a pleasant little ring-tailed racoon, he navigates the creeks and waterways and makes friends with some engineers who are boring for oil in the neighbourhood. There is some thrilling photography when the racoon is chased by an alligator and it seems that the alligator is bound to catch his victim; who is so badly scared that he runs away and does not

DANISH HOLIDAY

To mark their silver jubilee, all 50 members of the 216th Glasgow Company Boys' Brigade have had a holiday at Kolding, as guests of the Danish Boys' Brigade there.

The company, who took their kilted pipers with them and gave displays of highland dancing, were given a civic reception and were treated to bus trips, torchlight processions, and a camping holiday in South Jutland by their Danish hosts.

get back to his master until some days later.

It is difficult at first to account for the charm and fascination of Louisiana Story, but the attention is held all through by the courage and resource shown by a small boy who is forced by his surroundings to rely upon himself. The director and his cameramen have succeeded completely in conveying an atmosphere and a way of life utterly unlike anything in this country. Do not miss Louisiana Story if it comes your way.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S Technicolor version of The Three Musketeers provides a complete contrast. This novel by Dumas has been transferred to the screen several times already. The best renderings have been made by the French, which is not surprising, but the best-known was undoubtedly that which had the late Douglas Fairbanks as the fiery D'Artagnan.

The new film keeps reasonably close to the plot, but the cast and the dialogue are so very American and the musketeers behave so outrageously that the audience is seldom reminded of the French original. The Three Musketeers can be enjoyed as a piece of lively and high-spirited nonsense, and taken as such it provides 125

minutes of good entertainment.

With Lana Turner as Milady, Gene Kelly as D'Artagnan, Van Heflin as Aramis, June Allyson as Constance, and Vincent Price as Richelieu, the acting cannot be taken seriously for an instant.

Kelly is a superb dancer. His acrobatics are amazing. He can take on any number of Richelieu's swordsmen simultaneously and defeat them all time after time. He usually finds it necessary to mount his horse by jumping from a balcony into the saddle, or by some even more sensational method. He is a master of movement, but he never captures the personality of the fierce Gascon.

It may be necessary to remind some who have not read the book that the character "Prime Minister Richelieu," suavely impersonated by Vincent Price, was in fact, the famous Cardinal. The film does not even hint at this.

For the uncritical who like plenty of action, good swordplay, and hair-raising acrobatics, all in very vivid colour, The Three Musketeers will provide all these things.

THE HUT MAN tells us what to look for in . . .

THE COUNTRYSIDE IN AUGUST

AUGUST is a month for the open hillsides, where the summer-dried turf is soft and warm, gay with the yellow faces of countless tormentil and trefoils. On sunny afternoons the air is filled with crackles and pops as the dried pods of the furze bushes split to release their seeds in little volleys. If we watch these bursting pods carefully we shall see that each half of the pods twists like a corkscrew, causing the clinging seeds to be torn from their nursery wall and scattered far and wide.

YOUNGSTERS are now growing up. At the edge of the wood, or along the foot of hedgerow



or old stone wall, we may surprise a happy stoat family, a mother and her four, or five young ones. Already there is little difference in size between parent and children, but the young still lack experience. As we watch them travelling along, disappearing in grassy tufts, coming into full view as they climb over stones, we can see that the children are being taught all the tricks of the trade—the methods of the hunter and the dodges of the hunted.

In just such sunny corners, too, we shall find another family which has not yet left its mother. Last month we watched the Wolf spider guarding her grey egg-ball, holding it up to the warm rays of the sun. Now she is wandering aimlessly across the short turf, but no longer does she cling to her family, for the eggs have hatched, the grey silk covering of the ball has split, and the young family now clings to her. Each baby spider has clambered to its mother's back, securely fastened by little personal life-lines of fine silk.

DURING the earlier months of summer the hedgehog was chiefly nocturnal, sleeping during the day and coming out to forage at sundown. Now, with the long sleep of winter approaching, he is on the hunt at every opportunity, and we find him contentedly prowling along in the warm sunshine. Where does he wander, and what does he do during these long journeys?

There is no more delightful



way of answering these questions than by following the wanderer. Few of our wild creatures can be followed in this way, but the hedgehog is an ideal companion, never travelling too quickly, never travelling too slowly, always doing something of interest. I well remember a

happy afternoon spent in just this way, with no other companion save Hedgehog. The ideal plan is to follow on all-fours, hands-and-knees, moving when Hedgehog moves, pausing when he pauses, munching a sandwich when he stops to munch a worm! At the end of our walk he will have shown us many fascinating things.

ALL spiders do not hunt by weaving webs. Wolf spiders capture their prey by chasing and pouncing, and another web-less hunter is to be found on sun-warmed walls and fences where flies delight to rest. This is the handsome little black-and-white Jumping spider, or Zebra spider, which stalks its victim as stealthily as any tiger of the Indian jungle, leaping when within striking distance. But though the fly may be captured, there is danger that the hunter may overleap and fall from its high platform. This must not happen, so, fastening one end of a silk life-line to its support, the little spider pays out line as it stalks and jumps; then, should it fall, it dangles only an inch or two in mid-air and quickly scrambles to its lair again.

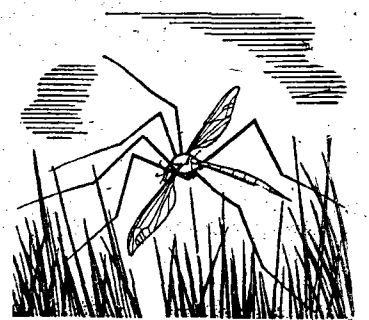
UNDER flat-topped stones in the meadow the city of the Red ants has increased its population to teeming hundreds, and among the scurrying workers are many larger ants adorned with four gauze wings. These are the males and unmated females, the queens of cities still to be founded. On some warm afternoon, when the air is calm and bright, these winged inmates leave the city, and for only a few short hours enjoy the powers of flight. Soon the aeronauts from many different cities have united, till the air is filled with their tiny red bodies and thousands upon thousands of delicate wings shimmer in the brilliant sunlight. It is the ants' wedding day.

Backwards and forwards the erratic dance continues, till the first cool shadows of evening begin to creep from trees and hedgerow. Then the females return to earth, each one now a queen who will soon be the mother of many worker ants.

Some of these young queens return to the parent city, where they are welcomed by old companions; some come to earth far from home, to start up new colonies by themselves; but whether at home or away the beautiful wings must go. Without remorse, each queen breaks off her gauze sails, for from now on her life will be devoted to the colony she is about to found; all her days will now be spent underground, her only duty the laying of eggs.

And what of the handsome winged males? Many are snapped up by birds as they hover in the sunshine or rest on gates and trees, and those which escape this fate live only to succumb to the cold of the gathering night.

ALL over the meadow grasses another well-known insect is now trailing six long, ungainly legs. This is the Crane-fly, better known by the name of Daddy-long-legs. Its earlier life was spent underground, in the form of a dirty grey grub disliked by gardeners and known



to them as the "leather-jacket."

What is the use of these long, awkward-looking legs? Watch the Crane-fly as it dances across the long grass of the meadow. It is able to run on the top of a "jungle" with these long legs; and they also add to the insect's safety, for when attacked by birds the chances are that the Crane-fly will be gripped by one of the legs, and it does not think twice about breaking it off in order to save the rest of the body.

SUMMER visitors among the birds are now preparing to depart, and few are more interesting to watch than the flocking Sand-martins. Colonies from many deserted sandbanks have now united, and every evening a wonderful flight takes place before the birds retire to roost in some convenient reed-bed. Gathering in their thousands, they rise into the air, a cloud of dusky brown wings which turns and twists, fans out and comes together again. Then as it some given signal, the whole host rushes down to bury itself among the swaying, feathered heads of the reeds.

But long after the birds have disappeared, their voices are heard through the dusk; soft, little twitterings, but so many



of them that they float through the dark like the happy whispering of a gentle breeze. Of what are they talking? Of the summer which is past? Or the long, southern journey which lies ahead? We can guess, but we can never know.

One Man Plants 30,000,000 Trees

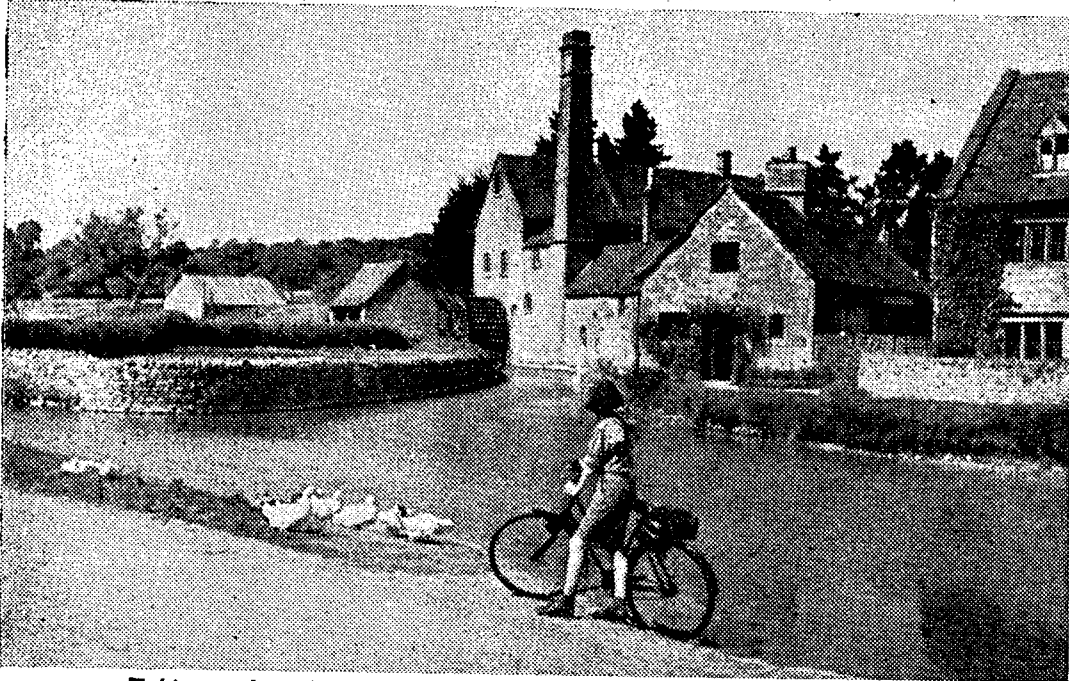
A RUSSIAN named Dudar claimed recently that in the course of his 25 years' work as a forester he has planted 30 million trees! His 30 million trees cover 7500 acres near Pinsk.

In some countries children are taught to plant trees. In both the United States and Canada there are school celebrations on a day known as Arbor Day.

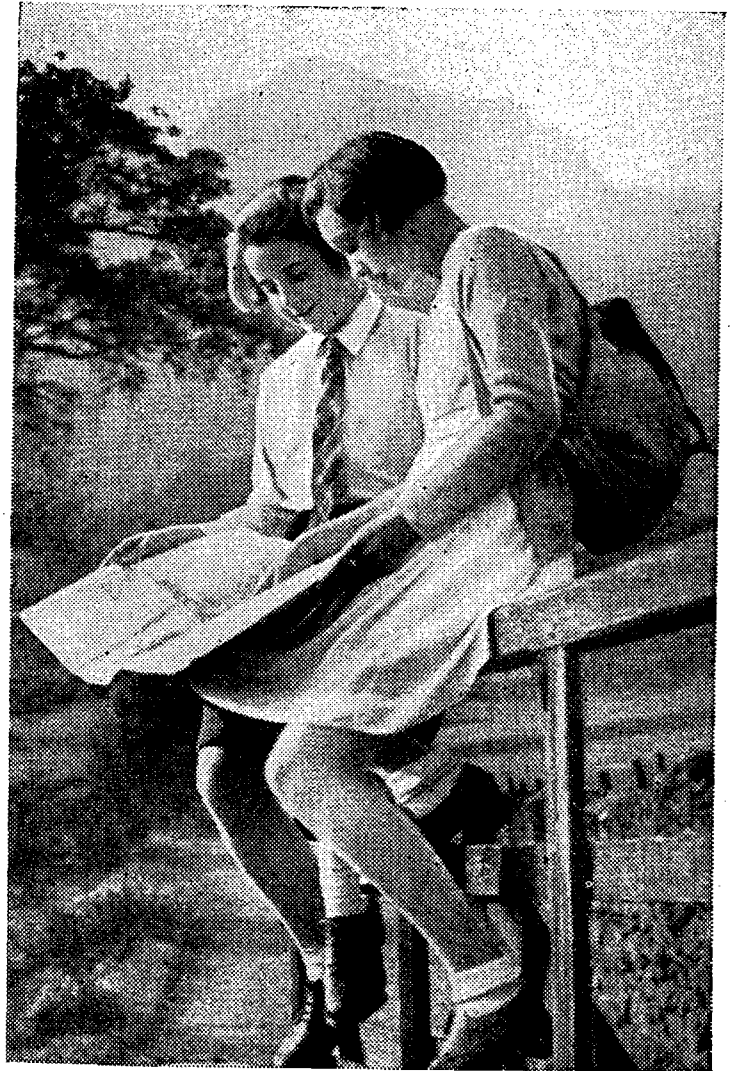
There is no single day in the year on which Arbor Day is celebrated in all parts of these countries. Each State or Province chooses a day when tree planting is likely to succeed.

Arbor Day is regarded as great fun by the children as it means an excursion into the neighbouring countryside for the tree-planting ceremony.

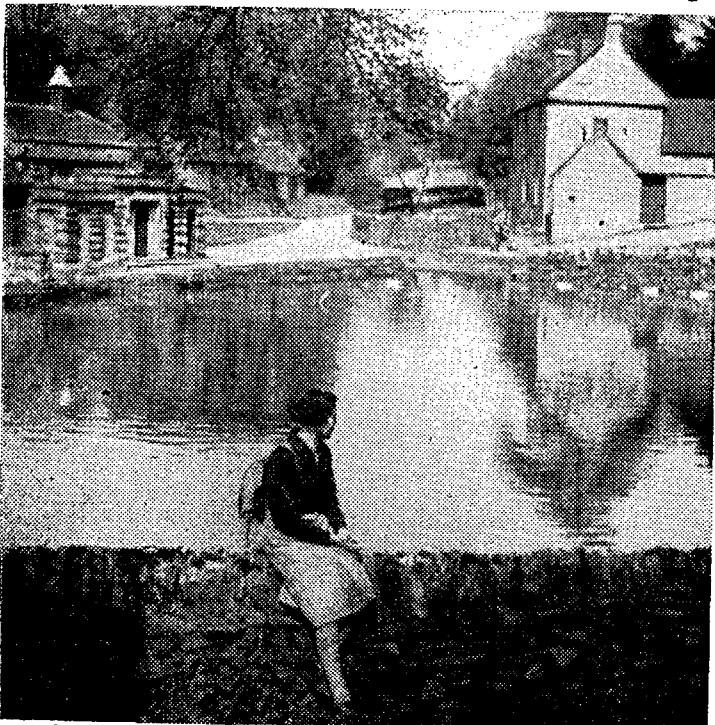
Let's Over the Hills and Far Away



Taking a breather by the mill at Lower Slaughter, Gloucestershire



This is the way to find the way



Reflections in the Derbyshire village of Tissington

COUNTRYSIDE LURE

*Oh! Lakeland hills and bracken
moors,
They call to the likes of me;
And Sussex Downs and Devon
lanes
Lead down to a summer sea.*

ALL through the ages poets have sung of the delights of the countryside; but perhaps never before in any age have so many people been aware of these delights. Now that most of us dwell in cities and towns we feel the constant lure of footpaths across green meadows, of deep-hedged byways, and of thatched cottages clustered under a village spire.

Every week-end, ramblers and cyclists in tens of thousands leave the busy world behind and take to the open heath and the open road. For them a packet of sandwiches becomes a banquet

in a glade, and tea in a country garden a meal quite beyond compare.

FOR them there are no joys to surpass the joys of being in the open air, with the sun shining from a blue sky, the sweet scent of honeysuckle in the nostrils, and the wind beating fresh on the face—that same merry wind of which William Brighty Rands wrote:

*The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking
the tree;
It walks on the water and whirls
the mills
And talks to itself on the tops of hills.*

TRULY, they who seek the great out-of-doors, a wheel or a foot, have found the best way of storing up riches—in good health, in serenity, in days sweet-remembered.



Uphill all the way at Little Langdale in Lakeland



A halt among the green hills of Somerset



Belgian Holiday

A party of British children whose fathers were killed during the war flew to Brussels to be the guests of Belgian families for a month. Here we see some of them with the aircraft crew before leaving this country

CHANGING THE COLUMBINE

ONE of the most famous gardeners in the world is Mr George Russell of Boningale, Shropshire. He was the creator of the Russell lupin, and now, at the age of ninety-two, he is convinced that he can transform the common columbine, or aquilegia, into a flower as colourful and attractive as the rose. "Given the time," he says, "I can make the spurs at the back of the flower curl round to form a frame for the centre bloom."

Nobody believed Mr Russell when, forty years ago, he said he could transform the lupin—then scorned by gardeners as being little better than a weed—into a plant that would blossom in every colour of the rainbow. Now each year brings in new varieties, in colours ranging from pure white to a red so deep that it is mistaken for black.

Dollar-Earners

Mr Russell's lupins earn many dollars for Britain. They cannot flourish indefinitely by planting the seeds. Fresh seedlings have to be obtained, and these are produced by the Wolverhampton firm which bought the original early plants when Mr Russell had finished this work.

The lupin originally came from North America, and when Mr Russell transformed it Americans became the keenest buyers. He has great hopes that the Americans will soon be clamouring for his new columbine, and paying in precious dollars for the privilege of growing it in their gardens.

FAMOUS SCOTTISH MUSIC-MAKER

MISS REBECCA WEST has unveiled a war memorial plaque to her uncle, Sir Alexander Campbell Mackenzie, at 21 Nelson Street, Edinburgh, where this famous musician was born in 1847.

Sir Alexander, a friend of Liszt and Principal of the Royal Academy of Music from 1888 to 1924, played a great part in influencing the younger generation of British musicians. The Rose of Sharon, written for the Norwich Festival of 1884, is perhaps his best-known work; but he also loved the melodies of his native land and worked them into his well-known fantasia on Scottish themes as well as his Scottish Rhapsodies.

The Flag Still Flies in Williamsburg

Here is another article from the CN Correspondent who is visiting the United States.

IT is a surprising sight as one walks up the Duke of Gloucester Street in Williamsburg, Virginia, to see the Union Jack waving proudly over the handsome building of the Capitol. Here in this lovely Virginia city the Union Jack has its place because Williamsburg was once the capital of the dominion of Virginia in the days of the English Virginia settlements.

Through the generosity of Mr Rockefeller, this city has been restored to its eighteenth-century beauty, just as it was on the eve of the Revolutionary War which gave the American colonies their independence. So the British flag flies as it did in the days when it was saluted during their sessions of debate by the traders, the merchants, the gentlemen of leisure, the plantation owners of Virginia, who loved England but denied England the right to tax them without their consent.

In these streets the ideas of liberty and the rights of individuals which inspire America today first took root. Here men talked and argued, and continued to be loyal to England as long as they could. The town was first settled in 1632; and in 1698 the English settlers at Jamestown, a few miles away, decided to move their capital inland.

They brought to Williamsburg ideas, stones, furnishings, and silverware from England, and as the years went on they added to the dignity of their little town.

Story in Stone

LET into the wall of the east porch of Toorak Presbyterian Church, Melbourne, Australia, is a piece of stone which has a strange and interesting history. Its history dates back many years when it was in the Groote Kerk, a 15th-century church in Rotterdam which was destroyed by air raids in 1940.

The request for its placement in the Melbourne church came from the Baroness van Aerssen, wife of the then Dutch Minister in Australia, who worshipped at the Toorak church from 1943 to 1946. The stone was recently unveiled by the present Dutch Minister, who declared that the placing of the stone in the church symbolised the community of ideals and purpose of the Netherlands and the British Empire.

Beneath the stone is a tile with the badge of the World Council of Churches in relief on it. It was presented to the minister of Toorak Church at the first meeting of the Council in Amsterdam last year.

They had their Capitol House, their Governor's Palace, their Court House, and gaol. It was a bit of England in miniature mixed with the wooden houses of the humbler colonists. But after the Declaration of Independence Williamsburg fell into decay.

But the rector of the beautiful old parish church treasured in his heart the dream that Williamsburg might revive. Mr Rockefeller's millions helped that dream to come true. The once great houses of Williamsburg have been rebuilt, the old homes restored to their original patterns, and through the streets breathes the air of colonial American life. To complete the picture the British flag still flies in the Virginia sunlight, a gesture to the past and also a salute to present friendship.

For a visiting Englishman, however, there is a touch of even closer romance in the island of Jamestown in the James River. It was there in 1607 that the first English settlers on the American continent set up their permanent home. To see the little island today with its ruined church, pathetic tombstones, and battered fort, with the great river and the vast continent behind, is a reminder of bravery as well as romance. On this little piece of ground the life of Captain John Smith, the adventurer, was saved by the Indian princess Pocahontas, and it is appropriate that their statues face each other on the green grass. But Pocahontas lies buried in England in far-away Gravesend, thus linking the two lands in her romantic life.

WORKERS' PARADE



A little-known Post Office worker, a Wireless Interference Investigation Officer, tracing an underground source of trouble with a detector.

The Editor's Table

CHALLENGE

BRITAIN once again faces the challenge of hard times, and it may be that even harder times lie ahead.

The reasons are many and bewildering, but the chief one is that we are not paying our way as a nation. Against us are the balances of trade, by which this island nation lives; and until our place as a trading nation in the life of the world is fully restored we must be prepared to endure hardship.

But the challenge of this hour goes much farther and much deeper than the call to endure hardship. This is a time for steadfastness; but it is also a time for a renewed faith in the soul and creative capacity of our people. We are a great nation not because of wealth or a world trade, but because of our faith and character; and it appears to some onlookers that the call to Britain to be true to herself is not being sounded clearly enough.

FAR too prevalent is the optimism that somehow we shall muddle through to better times. But to bring about those better times a fresh rallying call to the nation needs to be sounded.

The British people, as they have often shown, will endure all the privations of a soldier in the field, provided they know where they are being led.

*The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.*

The faith of Thomas Campbell in the "mariners of England" is the faith needed now, for the heart of this nation is as sound as it was in his day.

LET the call to courage be sounded as well as the call to face austerity. Let not our wish for security dim our native boldness. Let not the wariness of the cautious govern us at this critical time; for with steadfastness, faith, and courage as its watchwords this nation will never fail.

Art Obtains the Prize

IT is not strength, but art, obtains the prize, And to be swift is less than to be wise: 'Tis more by art, than force of numerous strokes, The dexterous woodman shapes the stubborn oaks; By art the pilot, through the boiling deep And howling tempests, steers the fearless ship; And 'tis the artist wins the glorious course, Not those who trust in chariots and in horse. In vain, unskilful, to the goal they strive, And short, or wide, the ungoverned courser drive: While with sure skill, though with inferior steeds, The knowing racer to his end proceeds.

Alexander Pope (Homer's Iliad)

Value For Money

THERE is an old saying that it is, unwise to "cry stinking fish," for the obvious reason that no one will buy it.

This is what those people do who say that British goods for sale in foreign countries are too expensive because the cost of producing them is too high. Sir Graham Cunningham, Chairman of the Dollar Exports Board, recently disapproved of such statements.

"I believe that, in industry as a whole," he said, "our costs are pretty good, and to tell the world that they are too high does not encourage people to buy from us. Nor do I believe, from what I have seen in British and oversea factories, that British workmen are slow. Goods must be sold on their virtues, and there must be forceful merchandising in the United States and Canada."

By "forceful merchandising" he meant the right kind of advertising, which certainly does not mean belittling the thing advertised.

OUR WAY OF LIFE

By Lord Montgomery

THE fundamentals of our way of life are, I suggest:

First and foremost: Christianity.

Second: The supreme value of the individual as opposed to the conception that he is just a pawn of the State.

Third: Freedom and justice.

Fourth: An intense desire for peace.

It is to Christianity that we owe everything that is best in our Western heritage. This must be the theme of the home and family life, if we still aspire to greatness.

The youth of our nation must be brought up to understand that they have something to be proud of in the past, and something to do in the future. They must learn to realise that privileges bring responsibilities, and that the first responsibilities of every man are to God in the first place and then to his country.

Under the E



PETER PUCK
WANTS TO KNOW

If mountain tribes live
on plain fare

A BOY with a full face can take a full-crowned hat. Provided it is not somebody else's.

IT will cost £780g to paint Westminster Bridge. A big price for a new coat.

POETS often have flights of imagination. Must be bird fanciers.

A FILM star says he works to keep his children in bread and butter. The bread and butter would be better in the children.



A B3
pe

THINGS SAID

I AM sure half the child delinquency these days comes from their having no religion in the home.

Lady May Abel Smith

POOL betting has been described as the seventh largest form of business in the country.

H. U. Willink, K C

It is plain that the freedom of the human spirit can never be assured to a generation or a nation that is not resolute to defend it. *The Home Secretary*

I AM optimistic as I look forward to the future, because I believe in the superior attraction for men's minds and hearts of the democratic principles which have been tried and tested in the free nations. *President Truman*

WE merely play at Christianity in a way we should be ashamed to do at cricket.

Bishop of Rochester

Mother and Son



A delightful study from a newsreel film of eight-months-old Prince Charles and his Mother. The film was taken in the grounds of Windlesham Moor, the Surrey home of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh.

Fleeting Season

I REMEMBER, I remember
How my childhood fled by,
The mirth of its December,
The warmth of its July.

W. M. Praed

JUST AN IDEA

As Thomas Fuller wrote, Wit should be used as a shield for defence, rather than as a sword to wound others.

Living Memorial

SERVICE to the living is the best possible memorial to a great man, and we can all applaud the efforts of nine young American volunteers who are now working in the East End of London, and who were recently presented to Queen Mary at the Church of All Hallows by-the-Tower.

These young men, all between 18 and 25, are known as the Winant Volunteers, and the helping hand they are giving for three months to East End folk is just the kind of memorial Mr John G. Winant, a great American friend of England and former Ambassador here, would have appreciated. It was his own idea that Americans should get to know the East End in order to cement friendship between Britain and the United States, and he often spoke of it to the Revd P. T. B. Clayton, Vicar of All Hallows.

The nine volunteers have come here at their own expense, and they are working with the Boy Scouts, and with East End youth centres and settlement houses. Among other things, they are teaching young East Enders to play baseball and American football.

This splendid scheme of sending volunteers here to serve as a living memorial to Winant has the support of several American schools, and also of the University of Pennsylvania. It is not forgotten that William Penn, the founder of Philadelphia, was born in the parish of All Hallows.

Memory-Training

THE memory strengthens as you lay burdens on it, and becomes trustworthy as you trust it. *Thomas De Quincey*

HEN HUMOUR

BRITISH hens this year have developed a craze for laying green-yolked eggs, and two scientists of the Animal Health Trust are trying to find out what makes them do it. There has been an alarming increase in these novelties—20 per cent and even more in some areas—Yorkshire, in particular, having suffered.

Though the hens may think it funny we do not. For green-yolked eggs do not keep as long as the normal variety and are not classed as First Class. Generally they are sold to be used in confectionery.

The scientists think it possible that the green colour is due to the hens eating two weeds—shepherd's purse and field benny cress—for it is noticed that the green-egg joke is not prevalent among hens fed on constant rations.

The Animal Health Trust experts will, no doubt, give us the correct answer, and thus add to the good work they are doing in protecting our food supplies.

Still, Small Voice

LABOUR to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

George Washington

August 6, 1949



Baby-Sitter

Girl Guide Olufunke Cole of Lagos, Nigeria, acted as "baby-sitter" at Foxlease, Hampshire, when seven mothers were attending a training course for Commissioners and Guides.

GOOD DAYS FOR DEAL

FEW places in Britain can boast 2000 years of recorded history, but the little Kentish town of Deal is among them, and is this week celebrating its antiquity with an Historical Pageant and Fayre at Walmer Castle.

Deal claims that its soil echoed the tramp of the invading Roman legions in 55 B.C. and the gallant but hopeless resistance of the Britons; and this beginning of the town's history is illustrated in the Pageant by a Roman standard bearer, Caesius Scaeva, turning the tide of battle and being promoted for his bravery.

There are nine episodes in the Pageant; and 400 performers, a choir of 60, and an orchestra of 40 take part. The fourth episode celebrates the 250th anniversary of the granting of a Royal Charter to Deal, which actually took place on October 13, 1699.

Visitors will see Deal through the ages—its smugglers, press gangs, and castle builders, together with the Mayor of 1703 who, calling himself the Scourge of Deal, closed taverns and put publicans in the stocks. Through it all gallant Deal is frequently on the alert against threatened foreign invasion, the last time in 1940 when Britain's few defenders stood on guard in her darkest hour.

In the final episode of the Pageant the refrain of the song, Britain, Arise! will be sung by the entire cast. The song is dedicated to Winston Churchill, the present Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.

Australia's "White Coal"

As a result of Australian hydro-electric projects—the production of electricity by water-power—it is expected that many parts of eastern Australia will be independent of coal as a source of power within 15 or 20 years.

The great Snowy River scheme alone will, it is estimated, produce electric power equivalent to that produced by burning four million tons of coal a year. This output from the Snowy River turbines will probably be 1,720,000 kilowatts, which is nearly as much as all the power stations in Australia produce at present.

EXPLORING THE EXPLORERS

Searching Europe For Africa's Secrets

It seems strange that African exploration should take place in Europe, but this is shortly to happen. Southern Rhodesia has undertaken the great task of writing the history of Central and Southern Africa, and is sending an expert to Europe to search for unpublished stories.

What is sought are stories of explorers and missionaries, and the reports of governors and officials about peoples and events in this vast region since the beginning of the 16th century.

The expert is Dr Eric Axelsson of Witwatersrand University, and he is coming to Europe this month to search in libraries and among archives for likely documents.

Portugal is expected to be a fruitful source of information, for she had much to do with the early history of Europeans in South and East Africa. Vasco Da Gama arrived at Mozambique in 1498 and the first European to explore what is now Southern Rhodesia was Antonio Fernandes. The report of this forgotten explorer's journey was discovered by Dr Axelsson.

The Vatican Library, too, is expected to yield much useful

knowledge. Of course Dr Axelsson will not be able to take away any documents relating to Central Africa, but accompanying him will be a photographer who will make microfilm copies of them to be preserved in the Central African Archives in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia and, later, released for publication.

The Central African Archives have been established with the help of a very liberal grant from the Carnegie Corporation of New York, and of gifts of money from well-wishers in Britain, the Union of South Africa, and Southern Rhodesia. It is now undertaking one of the most important historical enterprises yet conducted in Southern Rhodesia. The Governments of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland are supporting this scheme of historical research, which covers their territories as well.

New Life Comes to the Valley

A TEAM of Unesco experts have done a wonderful job in bringing hope and a new way of life to a disease-ridden and poverty-stricken valley in the Negro State of Haiti, in the West Indies.

The valley is called Marbial, and what the Unesco "Pilot Project" team found when they arrived there in April last year appalled them. The people were starving owing to soil erosion, which itself was due to ignorant and wasteful methods of cultivation. Malaria, hookworm, and the horrible skin complaint called yaws, were rampant among them. The children were pathetically stunted and diseased. Indeed, the Unesco team themselves, led by Dr Métraux, soon fell ill with malaria.

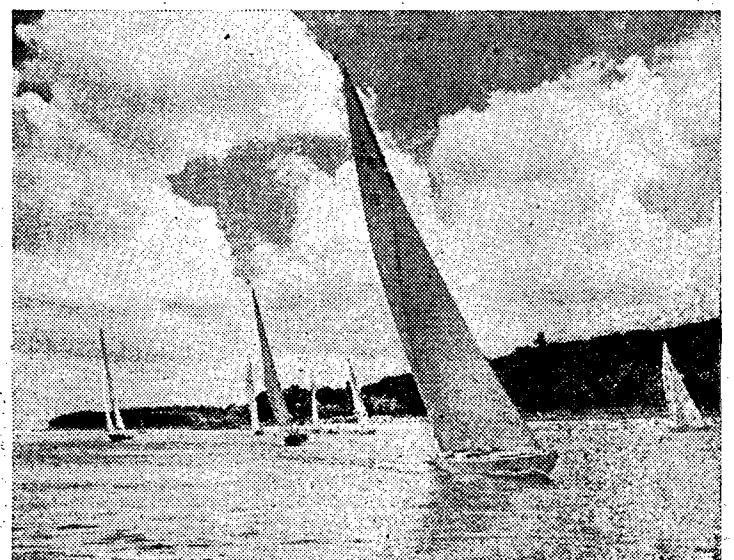
What could they do to help these people? The first thing would have to be fundamental education: teaching the people how to prevent soil erosion, how and where to dig wells, how to cultivate their land wisely, and—most important of all—how to fight the diseases which afflicted them. Ninety per cent of the people were illiterate, and in

addition their language is Creole, which is a mixture of ancient French and West African dialects and has been written in at least four different ways.

The outlook seemed hopeless, for it is no part of Unesco's duty to carry out large-scale relief work. But when the people of this pathetic valley heard a rumour that Unesco might abandon them, they made a demonstration carrying a crudely-written placard calling on all to "Support Unesco Hard!"

Half starved as they were, they rallied round Dr Métraux, begging him to guide them. Under expert supervision they dug wells, rebuilt their market place, drained swamps, and tracked down the breeding-places of malarial mosquitoes to spray them with DDT. The women learned to weave sisal and palm fibres into mats for sale elsewhere. By September last year ten education centres were teaching young and old to read and write in Creole.

And today, thanks to their co-operation with the Unesco experts, the former apathy and despair have disappeared.



THIS ENGLAND

A scene typical of Regatta Week at Cowes, Isle of Wight

Newspaper

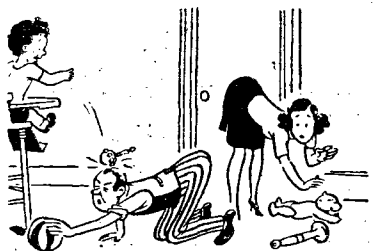
Editor's Table

A POLICEMAN'S job is not to throw his weight about. If he does that he will catch it.

CLEANLINESS week is proposed at Sunbury-on-Thames. By a tidy few.

MANY women fret over trifles. And wish they had made jellies.

A MAN complains that in a box of dates some were stale. 1066 and all that?



BY is quick to pick up the moods of its sents. But it lets them pick up its toys.

Plague in Britain

THE BLACK DEATH

THIS was a sad country six hundred years ago this month. It was in August 1349 that the Black Death reached its fearful climax, and, though exact figures are impossible to obtain, it is believed that between one-third and one-half of the population died from the plague.

A year before, when travellers from the Continent had told of a terrible pestilence raging in Italy and France, nobody had paid much attention. Mysterious diseases were always rife, fostered by the primitive sanitary arrangements and by lack of medical knowledge in those days.

When a man died from a strange complaint in Bristol in the autumn of 1348 no one could dream of the desolation which was to follow. Soon, however, the plague spread, first to Gloucester, then to Oxford and London. It swept into Suffolk and ravaged the Eastern Counties. It reached Yorkshire and, though held temporarily in check by a cold winter, was rampant in Scotland in 1350.

Life at a Standstill

In countless villages the whole rhythm of life was disrupted. Cases before the courts had to be dropped because of the death of the defendant or plaintiff (or both). Flocks wandered untended; horses remained unshod.

Even when the Black Death had finally died away serious problems remained. Too few men were left to bring in the harvest which lay rotting in the fields. When corn could be gathered there were often no millers to turn it into flour. Later there were too few ploughmen to turn in the stubble.

The results were far-reaching. The Black Death hastened the end of the medieval system under which villeins tilled the Lord's land in return for their rights in the open fields and on the commons. With not enough men to carry out the time-honoured customs, lords of the manor now began to offer wages to attract men to work on their land.

The end of what we call the Middle Ages had begun.



Carl Linnaeus, the father of botany, was born in 1707. The son of a village rector, he astounded his father and guests with his knowledge of plants and flowers.

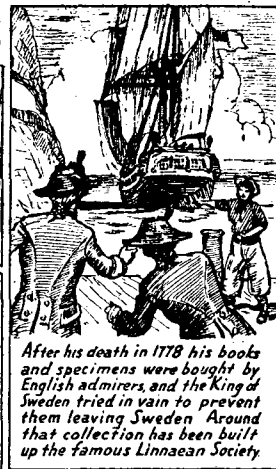
Pioneers

8. CARL LINNAEUS, Swedish Father of Botany

Carl did not wish to become a rector so his father made him a shoemaker. But Carl's genius was recognized and he was sent to a University. He was so poor that he repaired his shoes with bark.



Later he travelled widely, collecting plants and simplifying their descriptions. He came to England and for the first time saw a gorse bush in full bloom. He was so enraptured that he kissed the earth.



After his death in 1778 his books and specimens were bought by English admirers, and the King of Sweden tried in vain to prevent them leaving Sweden. Around that collection has been built up the famous Linnaean Society.

THE BODY IS A SAVINGS BANK FOR SUNSHINE

To take a peep at Britain's beaches these days is to realise that man's natural environment is out-of-doors.

An important factor in that environment is the radiant energy from the Sun. This radiant energy, besides providing light, has other functions in relation to the human body which have only recently been studied scientifically, in spite of the fact that the value of sunshine in medicine and healing has been known for many years.

The most important radiation for humans and animals is that which results in the formation of Vitamin D, lack of which results in the disease called rickets. When the sun shines on the skin the ultra-violet light acts on a fatty substance near the surface of the skin. A chemical reaction

occurs which results in Vitamin D being formed. The vitamin is then absorbed into the blood and is carried to the tissues of the body, where it is stored and then released gradually to play an important part in the growth and maintenance of bones and the tissues that connect them.

Scientists have recently proved that the amount of Vitamin D produced as a result of summer sunbathing is more than is needed at one time, and most of it is stored in the liver for use by the tissues during the sunless months. Thus, the body becomes in effect a savings bank for sunshine.

The tanning of the skin which takes place at the seaside is in itself the best protection against painful sunburn. It is Nature's filter. The dark pigmented skin

of the Negro is a filter or a light screen to stop the powerful rays of the sun in the tropics where Negroes ordinarily live.

But rays reflected from snow or ice, especially through a rarefied atmosphere, are most effective in causing sunburn. That is why holidaymakers in the snow-covered Swiss Alps get such a dark tan.

It has also been proved that the activity of the sun's rays becomes more beneficial as the purity of the atmosphere is increased. In smoke-polluted areas the sun's ultra-violet rays are absent. Glass in our windows, too, will filter and arrest the passage of these rays, thus depriving the sunlight of much of its health-giving properties.

Children who do not live in the sunshine are pale. Nature makes them pale in order that they may absorb every little bit of light that they can. The light will pass through their pale skins to feed them.

It is a fact that man is as dependent upon sunlight—natural sunlight out in the open air—for perfect health, as are the plants and lesser creatures around him. His body is perfectly adapted to deal with the light, each individual possessing a set of light screens tinted to his own personal needs which effectively shut out harmful rays while turning those which are beneficial to advantage.

Remote in the Garden of England

MOST of us live in big cities and towns where there are shops round the corner, plenty of buses, a post office handy, and so on; yet often, only a few miles away, live village folk who have few of these amenities.

The Kent County Council is therefore making a careful survey of the amenities in the small towns, villages, and hamlets of the county—the Garden of England.

Some 300 parish councils are being asked to say whether there

is a weekly market in the neighbourhood; how many shops and places of worship there are; whether there is a post office, a village hall, and an adequate bus and train service; whether there are allotments, playing fields, or even burial facilities; and to which larger village or town the people go for a trip to the cinema or to buy things they cannot obtain near their homes.

The results of this survey will be used in drawing up the Development Plan for Kent.

Basic English Bible

1000 WORDS USED

THE Cambridge University Press have published the long-awaited version of the Bible in Basic English. It is the outcome of eight years' work by a committee of scholars.

The scholars found that to re-write the Bible in Basic English they had to bring in 100 new words, as well as 50 special Biblical terms, to supplement the 850 words of Basic English.

The publishers explain that although such a small vocabulary has meant the loss of some of the beauty of the Authorised Version, the Basic English Bible has a simple beauty of its own.

Here is a sample of a changed verse, taken from Genesis.

Authorised Version: And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, I have dreamed a dream and there is none that can interpret it; and I have heard say of thee, that thou canst understand a dream to interpret it.

Basic English: And Pharaoh said to Joseph, I have had a dream, and no one is able to give me the sense of it; now it has come to my ears that you are able to give the sense of a dream when it is put before you.

Result of "Heads and Feet" Contest

AWARDS in No 5 of the C N Weekly Competitions are as follows: The first prize of a NEW BICYCLE goes to:

Christine MUMDEN, 80 Saxon Road, Southall, Middx, whose entry was correct and the best-written according to age.

The Ten-Shilling Notes have been awarded to Betty GOOBY, Poole; Richard HOLLOCK, Galashiels; Barbara PILLING, Wembley; Iain BISHOP, Aberdeen; Ernest YARD, Stranraer; Joyce WALTON, Coxhoe; Catherine HARRIS, Bexley; Peter McKEICH, Stockbridge; Lorna PRINGLE, Wingate; Christine LEMENDIN, Wembley.

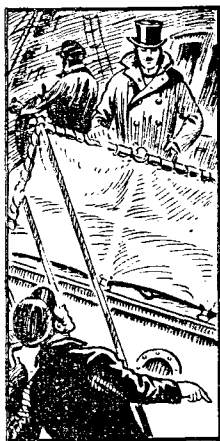
SOLUTION: 1—Walrus—E; 2—Bear—J; 3—Kangaroo—H; 4—Bat—I; 5—Frog—C; 6—Lion—A; 7—Monkey—G; 8—Elephant—B; 9—Squirrel—D; 10—Rhinoceros—F.

Another competition is announced on page 9.

ROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—Jules Verne's Great Story, Told In Pictures



The Henrietta ran into an Atlantic gale, which reduced her speed, but Fogg kept her going full steam ahead, although this meant using up the coal in her bunkers very much more quickly.



They were more than halfway across the Atlantic when the engineer reported, "No more coal." Fogg was not upset; he ordered the release of the captain, who was locked in his cabin.



"You pirate! Robber!" roared the infuriated captain whose ship had been seized by his passenger. Calmly Mr Fogg offered to buy the Henrietta and explained that he wanted to burn the upper parts for boiler-fuel. "Burn my ship? She's worth 50,000 dollars!" spluttered the captain. "Here are 60,000 dollars," replied Fogg. This pacified the captain, who accepted the offer.



Mr Fogg asked the captain to have all the wooden parts of the ship cut away for fuel. The sailors set to work and cut up the cabin fittings, poop, spars, masts, bulwarks, and other wooden parts and carried them down to burn in the fires under the boiler. Thus the Henrietta sped on her way towards Liverpool, but the woodwork in her steadily vanished in smoke. Even some of the deck was ripped out.



Then, one evening, they saw the lights of Queenstown, Ireland. Mr Fogg had now only 24 hours left of his 80 days in which to reach London, which meant going full speed to Liverpool. But the Henrietta's steam was giving out. Fogg knew that express mail trains ran from Queenstown to Dublin, and fast boats from there to Liverpool. He resolved to make for Queenstown and make a dash for London.

Will Fortune Favour Mr Fogg on This Last Stage? See Next Week's Instalment

The Children's Newspaper, August 6, 1949

BILL and JILL, the C.N. twins, call at a Yorkshire FarmThey escape from danger,
thanks to the . . .

"Little People"

Told by Frank S. Pepper



"THANK you for the glass of milk, ma'am," said Bill Watson.

"And for those delicious cakes," added his twin sister Jill.

The twins, with their Uncle Dick, were on a week's walking tour of the Yorkshire dales.

They had stopped at a farmhouse to inquire the way to the village where they planned to stay that night; and the kindly farmer's wife had insisted on giving them home-baked cakes and fresh milk before directing them on their way.

The twins and their uncle were just about to leave when the farmer himself came into the kitchen, followed by his son. "Give me my shot-gun!" he roared angrily.

"Now, keep calm, Dad," pleaded his son. "There's no sense in losing your temper."

"I never lose my temper!" thundered the farmer, red in the face. "I'm the calmest man in Yorkshire. Don't you dare—"

"We have visitors," his wife pointed out quietly.

FOR the first time the farmer became aware of the twins and Uncle Dick, all politely trying to hide their astonishment and curiosity.

"Beg your pardon!" he grunted in a quieter voice. "I'm a quiet man, an easy-going man. Nothing much ever upsets me. But those poachers have been down in the spinney again after the rabbits. Village louts! I warned 'em—"

He began to grow more and more excited again.

"Stop shouting!" insisted his wife. "It'll bring the bad luck on us, so it will. You'll frighten the Little People, and it's bewitching the house they'll be, out of spite."

"The Little People!" scoffed the farmer, and explained to the twins. "My wife is Irish—believes every house has its fairies that bring good luck or bad."

"I think it's rather a pretty idea," smiled Jill.

"Little People!" cried the farmer again. "Then why don't they watch my spinney and frighten away those poachers with their steel traps? It isn't just the rabbits that suffer, either. Last week I found our cat trapped. Little People—"

HE was growing heated again. He pounded the kitchen table with his clenched fist. The whole room seemed to shake. There was a clang as a warming-pan fell from a hook and landed in the big, old-fashioned open fireplace.

"That's what comes of speaking ill of the Little People," said the farmer's wife, with a smile behind his back at the twins.

"Poppycock!" exclaimed the farmer, bending down to pick up the warming-pan.

In his anger he forgot to be careful of the top of the fireplace. As he straightened he banged his head on the brick-work and uttered a sharp yelp of annoyance and pain.

Uncle Dick looked hurriedly

from the twins to the farmer's wife.

"I really think we ought to be going," he said, hastily picking up his rucksack. "Thanks for everything."

THE trio left the farmhouse and hurried on their way to the village.

"What an excitable chap that farmer is!" exclaimed Bill. "I'd hate to be bad friends with him."

"I think he's rather a pet," chuckled Jill.

"Do you think his wife really believes that stuff about fairies?" asked Bill.

"Of course not; she just does it to tease him," retorted Jill. "But I think he half believes it; that's why he gets so annoyed and pretends that he thinks it's nonsense."

By field paths they reached the inn where they were to stay the night. A late tea was waiting for them. It was beginning

to grow dusk by the time they had finished the meal.

Suddenly, Jill uttered a cry of dismay.

"My purse! I can't find it anywhere. I must have dropped it when we climbed that stile."

"We'd better go back and look for it before it gets too dark to see," Bill suggested quickly.

Uncle Dick had gone out to visit some friends in the village, so they left a message for him and went off on their own after borrowing a torch.

WHEN they reached the stile the darkness had deepened, and a damp mist was rising. Without the torch they would have been helpless. Bill shone the beam on the ground and spotted Jill's purse beneath the stile.

"Now let's be getting back," urged Bill. "This is the path, I think."

The darkness made everything seem different, and after a little while Jill began to grow worried.

"Are you sure we are right?" she asked. "I don't remember this field, or those woods."

On their left was a hump-backed field which, Bill had to admit to himself, was unfamiliar.

"Look! There's someone up there. Go and ask him the way," urged Jill, pointing to a figure at the top of the field.



While the Sun Shines

Two young horsewomen stop to watch the evening haymaking on a farm at Keynsham, Somerset.

Bill started off up the sloping field, but soon came back.

"It's only a scarecrow," he said: "but I'm sure we haven't come far out of our way. If we go through the corner of this wood we'll come out on the right path."

THEY were hurrying on when all at once they heard someone crashing through the wood. Then came the bellow of a familiar voice.

"There's some of the varmints now! I can hear 'em!"

With a gasp of dismay Bill pulled his sister into the shelter of a thicket.

"It's the farmer! He thinks we're poachers!" he whispered. Then came the son's voice.

"Easy now, Dad! There's no cause to go losing your temper! And put that gun down—you might kill somebody!"

"I haven't lost my temper; I'm perfectly calm!" roared the farmer angrily. "And I'm not going to kill anyone—just sting 'em with buckshot, that's all."

"Call out to him!" whispered Jill.

"No fear!" answered Bill. "He's likely to fire off that shot-gun at us without waiting to find out who we are."

Bill was far more worried about his sister's safety than his own.

"Stay here! I'll try to draw his attention. Then you must run for it," he whispered.

BEFORE Jill could argue with her brother he was crawling away. When he was clear he deliberately made a lot of noise as he started to run towards the top of the field.

"There he goes!" roared the farmer. "I can't see him, but I can hear him!"

Bill knew that he would be almost invisible against the dark background of the sloping field. But the moon was rising, and as he neared the top he knew he would be skylined, making a plain target. He swerved and crouched beside the scarecrow for shelter.

He could hear the farmer and his son moving up the slope.

On a sudden impulse Bill took the battered old hat off the scarecrow and stuck it on his own head. Then he thrust his arms through the sleeves of the jacket that hung on a framework of stakes, and stood perfectly still.

A few yards from the scarecrow the farmer halted.

"He must have gone down over the other side," the farmer said

to his son. "You go round by the bottom and drive him back this way."

BILL, keeping perfectly rigid, watched out of the corner of his eye. As soon as the farmer was out of sight Bill struggled to free himself. The wooden post came out of the ground. Bill broke into a run, carrying the scarecrow with him.

He heard a shout and stopped dead. The farmer came plunging back and stood staring in astonishment at the empty spot where his scarecrow had been standing. Then he caught sight of it, a hundred yards away!

He blinked and rubbed his eyes. Then he went back down the slope, shouting for his son.

Bill took the opportunity to run closer to the shelter of the wood.

"Your mother's right!" roared the astonished farmer. "The place must be bewitched. The scarecrow just moved of its own accord."

"Don't be silly, Dad! Scarecrows can't move."

"I can believe my own eyes, can't I? There must be Little People, after all. It was here, now it's there! It— My goodness, it's gone again!"

The bewildered farmer stood at the top of the field, pointing helplessly at empty space.

His son came up quietly beside him.

"Give me the shotgun, Dad," he murmured.

The farmer was too astonished to argue. His son took the gun, snapped it open and removed the cartridges.

"There's your scarecrow—down by the spinney! And if I'm not mistaken it has grown two extra legs," chuckled the farmer's son.

At that moment Jill came running out of the darkness.

"Oh, please don't shoot!" she begged. "It's only Bill!"

THE farmer and his son listened in amazement to her explanations, and then broke into roars of good-natured laughter.

"After this you must come back home and have supper with us," insisted the farmer. "I'll telephone to the inn and let your uncle know where you are, and after supper I'll drive you back—that is, if you're not frightened to have supper with a bad-tempered old man like me."

"We'd love to," Jill declared.

"This has been a lesson to me," said the farmer solemnly. "In future, I'm going to be very careful to see that my temper doesn't get me into trouble."

Another story of Bill and Jill will appear soon.

C.N. Competition No 11

ANOTHER BICYCLE TO BE WON!

• £5 in Other Prizes

THIS week's C.N. Competition—the eleventh in this novel series, gives you a chance to show what you know about signals, signs, and symbols. As usual, the First Prize is a New Bicycle, and there is NO entry fee. So get busy at once and try to win that first prize or one of the ten Ten-Shilling notes also offered.

This is WHAT TO DO: In the panel below we show ten very common signs and symbols—you simply have to say what each means. Thus, "A" is that symbol you saw so much last year in its five colours—the symbol of the Olympic Games. So you write A—OLYMPIC GAMES as that answer.

Now study the others and make a list of your answers A to J, and to help you we tell you that all the correct answers are among the following:

Danger, Tonic-sol-fa, War Department, Corporal, Ambulance, Sergeant, Left Turn, Baker, Treble Clef, Utility, Halt, Dollar, Barber, Silence, 30-Mile Limit, 60, North, "Overtake Me."

The Prize Bicycle (junior or full-size, as required) will be awarded to the boy or girl whose list of answers is correct or most nearly so, and the neatest with regard to age.

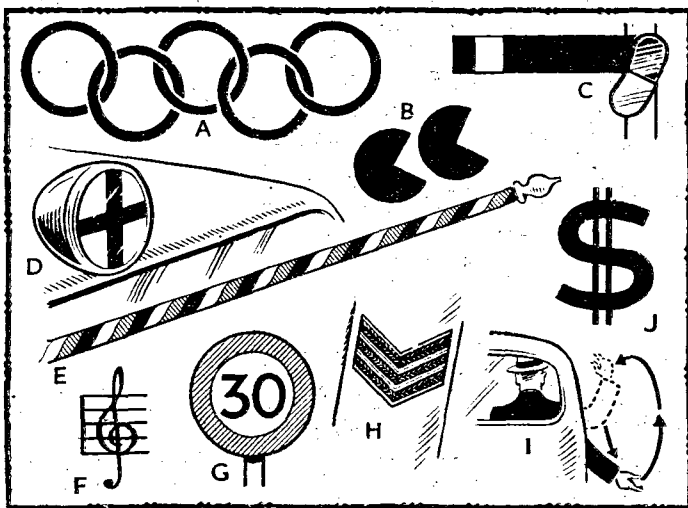
Entries may be on postcards or plain paper and ink or pencil used. Remember to add name, age and address at the top right-hand corner and then cut out and pin or paste to your entry the competition token (marked "C.N. Token" and given at the foot of the back page of this issue). Ask your parent, guardian, or teacher to sign the completed entry, as being your own written work and post to:

C.N. Competition No 11, G.P.O. Box 682,
The Fleetway House,
London, E.C. 4 (Comp).

Entries must reach this address by Friday, August 12.

N.B.—These competitions are open to all readers under 17 in Great Britain, Northern Ireland, and the Channel Islands. No reader may send more than one attempt in each competition and a C.N. Token must be attached. The Editor's decision will be final.

Signals, Signs, and Symbols



BSA facts on STRENGTH, SPEEDINESS AND SMARTNESS



STRENGTH C. I. Thornton, famous County cricketer, made several hits of 150-160 yards.

SPEED The Cheetah, probably the fastest of all animals, is used in India and Persia for hunting antelopes and other game.

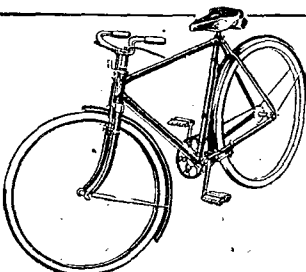


SMARTNESS At the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, the King's Dirk is awarded to the best all-round cadet. Smartness scores points, of course!



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3 SAN MARINO 1947 Roosevelt issue, unused.
COLOMBIA 3 Heads on one stamp, Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin (as shown).
2 GERMANY Large Unused Leipzig Fair.
CANADA Federation of Newfoundland and Canada 4c. ship (as shown).
If all six lots are wanted, send 2/6 inc. postage.
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£150 in money prizes offered by the Publishers.

Boys and girls of 14 years and under are eligible.

£150 IN MONEY PRIZES

Entries close October 31, 1949

The results of this Competition will be published in the Children's Newspaper.

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SAGITTARIUS THE ARCHER

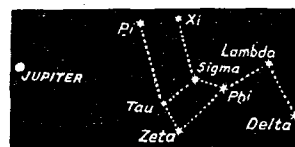
By the C.N. Astronomer

JUPITER's great world is now coming into view in the late evening, and may be seen very low in the south-east as soon as the sky darkens. Being the brightest object in that region, there is no mistaking him.

He will be at his highest altitude above the horizon at about 11.30 p.m., when he will appear due south. Jupiter is therefore unfavourably placed for observation this year through being so low in our sky.

The Moon will appear a little way to the right of the planet on the evening of Saturday, August 6, and therefore will be a guide. His closest approach to us this year was on July 20, when he was 388 million miles distant.

As Jupiter is now appearing in the constellation of Sagittarius, a good opportunity is provided for becoming acquainted with some of the chief stars of this probably little-known constellation.



tion. These are shown in the star-map though on a tiny scale.

Owing to the great southerly declination of Sagittarius it is not possible to perceive all its stars from the latitude of Britain. We can see only those representing the upper portions, the Head and Breast of this great celestial Archer, which is always represented as half-man and half-horse. The ancients thus symbolised the Hunter and his Steed as one individual in the act of shooting an arrow.

Sagittarius is of very great antiquity and has formed a constellation of the Zodiac since the earliest historic times in both Egypt and Chaldea.

Of the nearer bright stars to the right of Jupiter, four will be readily identified from their geometrical arrangement. These are Sigma, Phi, Zeta and Tau, which form the breast of Sagittarius.

Twin Suns

Zeta is of greatest interest because it is composed of two suns which revolve round a centre between them in 21 years, the larger sun radiating about 17 times more light than our Sun and the other about 14 times more. They are at a distance of only 68 light-years' journey, and are the nearest of all the stars indicated.

Sigma, the brightest and of second magnitude, is 155 light-years distant and radiates about 275 times more light than our Sun. Tau is about 108 light-years distant and radiates some 40 times more light than our Sun. Phi has a distance of 217 light-years and radiates nearly 185 times more light and heat than our Sun.

The stars Pi and Xi represent the Head of Sagittarius, Pi being at a distance of about 170 light-years and radiating about 150 times more light than our Sun. The stars Lambda and Delta form part of the grand Bow of the Archer, the star Epsilon below completing it. Lambda is 83 and Delta 136 light-years distant, while they respectively radiate about 40 and 110 times more light than our Sun. G. F. M.

The "Orchard" That Followed the Railway

From a South African Correspondent

Soon it will be flower time in South Africa. The apple and peach trees will be putting out their spring leaves, and the apricots will be heavy with blossom.

All along South Africa's main-line railways as they straddle mountains and valleys, loop desert and veld from Cape Agulhas to the borders of Bechuanaland, the blossom will be seen in what must be one of the world's queerest "orchards." It owes its origin to the fruit-eating habits of main-line railway passengers.

When a South African goes on a long journey, part of his luggage is always a packet of ripe fresh fruit—apples, peaches, nectarines, apricots. And while he gazes at the passing scenery he eats fruit and gets rid of the stones by the simple process of throwing them through the carriage window.

Vagabond Trees

Of course, not all of these discarded pips and stones fall on to good ground. Most of them lie where they fall, or shrivel and die. But some fall in favourable soil, to germinate and become fruit bearing trees. And they have grown so vigorously in the past that recently the South African Railways instructed its gangers to root out and destroy such vagabond trees as are a menace to the safety of the railway users.

But there are still so many of these trees surviving that wandering native herdboys, and gangers' wives in remote railway cottages, can again look forward to a year of plenty; and many a veld homestead has a pantry packed with fruit—bottled and canned, and dried—harvested from the trees growing alongside a nearby railway.

The finest peaches I have ever eaten came from a lonely tree growing in the shelter of the great railway bridge that spans the Wilge River, near Witbank, in the Eastern Transvaal. It was a hot and dry day, and many miles to the next village, but, as I sat down to eat of the lovely fruit, I had cause to bless the careless hand that long before had flung the stone from a passing railway carriage.

NEW HOPE IN COSTA RICA

BECAUSE of its fertile soil and profusion of flowers, especially orchids, the South American republic of Costa Rica is known as the garden of Central America. But for centuries past this fertile land of flowers has been darkened by the shadow of leprosy.

However, thanks to the relentless efforts of medical scientists and others, it is believed that Costa Rica will be entirely free from leprosy within the next fifteen years. Preventive medicine is on the march, and the Leprosarium Las Mercedes in San José (the capital city) is using every modern means of curing this scourge.

GUADELOUPE AND HUNGARY FREE



We will send YOU, ABSOLUTELY FREE, a fine gift of New Issues, comprising the illustrated lovely new stamp from the French West Indies island of GUADELOUPE showing a Native Woman and Sailing Ships in the Harbour of Port Basse-Terre. In addition, we will send you FREE a fine new red and black HUNGARIAN stamp showing a crowned Madonna.

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D. J. HANSON

(Dept. C.N.42), Eastington, Goole, Yorks

The Children's Newspaper, August 6, 1949

SUMMER BARGAIN!

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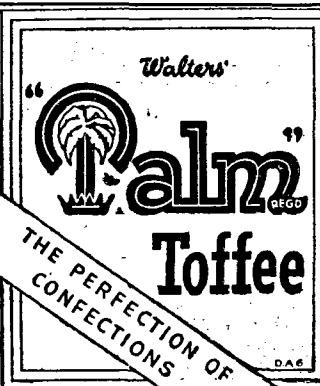
Denis Compton

—the Man

By NEVILLE CARDUS
in the August

WORLD DIGEST

ONE SHILLING



A REAL WILD WEST STAGE COACH!



Make your own Perfect Scale Model of Western Stage Coach with 4 Horses and Pony Express Rider; a cut-out in full colour contained in "PRAIRIE MAIL," an exciting story of Wild West. Send 2/- P.O. to: DESIGNADS (Q), 51, Old Hall Street, Liverpool 3.

KING LEAR WHO NEVER WAS a Dump A Happy Ending A NORFOLK FIND

THERE has been great interest in London in the presentation by the Oxford University Players of a King Lear that differs from Shakespeare's.

Shakespeare's closing scene is almost unbearably sad. Ruined and disgraced by the cruelty of his two elder daughters, King Lear dies, with Cordelia, his youngest and best-loved daughter, before him; while death also claims the pitiless sisters and the old king's treasured jester.

But the Oxford Players produced a version of the drama, written in 1682 by Nahum Tate, in which all ends happily; and the truth is that the story, even as Shakespeare first found it, really has a happy ending.

It was Geoffrey of Monmouth, who, eight centuries ago, invented the entire legend from which other so-called King Lear stories have been drawn.

According to Geoffrey of Monmouth, Lear was the son of the British king Bladud who founded Bath. Lear himself, on coming to the British throne, says Geoffrey, built Leicester. His contest with his daughters left him victorious and in possession of his throne, which in his will he handed on to Cordelia.

At her father's peaceful death she had him laid to rest beneath the waters of the Soar in his city of Leicester.

VALUABLE old manuscripts often come to light in strange ways. The other day children were playing on a rubbish dump in Horsham St Faith, near Norwich, when they noticed scraps of a faded old paper.

The youngsters took them to their history master, and his examination showed that they were ancient parchment documents relating to transactions in monastic lands.

Experts at Norwich Castle Museum have found that the papers apparently refer to a priory of Austin canons established in the Suffolk village of Great Bricett early in the 12th century by Ralph Fitz-Brian. Since the suppression of the house, about 1460, the manor of Bricett has belonged to King's College, Cambridge, and the manuscripts concern the transfers of lands.

Inquiries have shown that the manuscripts came from Horstead House, near Norwich, formerly the home of a Steward of King's College, who died in 1924; and that they were recently removed with other rubbish by the builder preparing the house for new occupants and taken to the dump.

Written in Latin, in handwriting still clear, these historic documents are to be preserved at King's College.

WINNING THE HEIGHTS

A school of mountaineering for young people is to be established by the Outward Bound Trust at the Gate House, Eskdale, in the Lake District.

This mountain school will have the same aim as that of the Trust's Outward Bound Sea School at Aberdovey in Wales; character training and the fostering of a love of adventure.

Eskdale is an ideal place for this. It is one of Cumberland's delightful valleys, full of interest and beauty, with great rocky crags crowning lovely wooded slopes, with a waterfall, and a small lake. Here young climbers will find the thrill of winning the heights, and the satisfaction that comes from physical effort and the conquest of difficulties.

BEDTIME CORNER

The Best Choice

IF I were a worm, like an underground train, That burrows away and stays out in the rain, How happy I'd be! But supposing I heard A bird!

If I were a bird, then, a birdie who sings All day, and can fly where it likes on its wings— Well, then I'd be happy. But what of the cat? There's that!

Well, then, I'd be puss, just as sleek as can be, With cream for my breakfast, and cream for my tea,

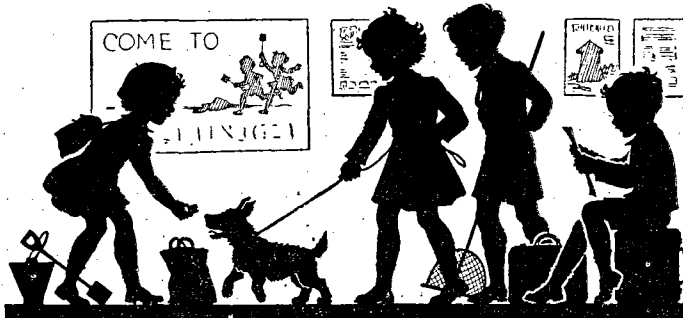
And a cushion. But suppose a dog out in the dark Should bark!

Shall I be a dog, then? I don't think so quite, To stay out of doors in the kennel all night, And bark till I'm hoarse. Well, perhaps I'd better be Just me!

A Prayer

WE thank Thee, loving Father, For all Thy tender care, For food and clothes and shelter And all the world so fair.

OFF ON OUR HOLIDAYS



BOOKS

YOU WILL ENJOY

THE "Young Britain"

Books produced by The Daily Mail range in price from 9d. to 3/-, are printed on art paper and are superbly illustrated with graphic pictures. Full list on application to address below.

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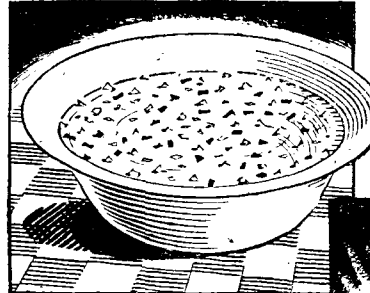
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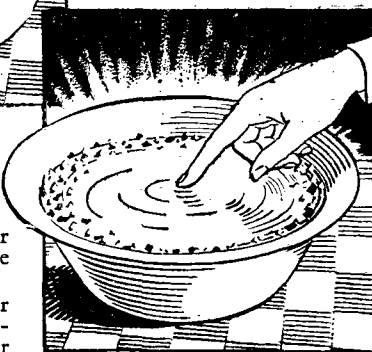
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THE MAGIC TOUCH



When the Gumsters see you do this trick they will marvel at your magic touch.



1. Ask Mummy to lend you a bowl or soup plate, and fill it with water. Tear or cut some differently coloured pieces of paper into tiny bits and sprinkle on top of the water.

2. Secretly smear one finger with soap you have previously hidden in your pocket, and tell the Gumsters to gather round and watch you. Gently touch the centre of the water with the soap-smear finger. Immediately—all the bits of paper rush to the edge of the water. Of course the other Gumsters will want to try the trick, so empty the bowl and start all over again. But don't say a word about the soap—the secret of your magic touch!

*Idea!

One tube of Rowntree's Fruit Gums will last all Saturday, including pictures in the morning and cricket in the afternoon. What a wizard 2!d. worth!



Actual tube is much larger

THE BRAN TUB

WISHFUL THINKING

A CURIO-DEALER was showing a sword to some tourists.

"This sword, ladies and gentlemen, is the sword that Balaam had."

"But Balaam had no sword: he only wished for one," protested one of the men.

"Yes, sir," replied the dealer, unperturbed. "This is the sword he wished for."

Plus and Minus

HERE is a little intelligence test you can try out on your friends.

From the groups of figures below the plus and minus signs have been left out. For instance, the first example should read: 6 plus 3 minus 2 plus 1 plus 1 minus 4 equals 5. Give your friends the groups and see who is the first to fill in the missing signs.

6 3 2 1 1 4 equals 5.
4 3 4 2 3 1 equals 5.
6 2 1 3 5 2 equals 7.
5 3 3 4 3 1 equals 3.

FARMER GRAY EXPLAINS

Beautiful Dragonflies. "Look, Ann; here's a Dragonfly resting on this bush," called Don to his sister.

"Oh, what a beauty!" exclaimed Ann, admiring the slender, blue and black body, and the four huge, transparent wings. "Take care it doesn't sting you, Don."

"Dragonflies don't sting," replied Don, laughing.

"Quite right, Don," said Farmer Gray, overhearing the children's conversation. "Dragonflies are quite harmless to humans, but terrors to the insects on which they prey. Notice the powerful legs: it does not walk on them. They are used for seizing its victims, or gripping the vegetation on which it rests."

Jumbled Books

WHEN rearranged the letters contained in each phrase printed below spell the name of a famous book popular with children.

I use larder Stan Pinked pad
Violet wrist So bruise no corn
Tea was bribe On a hive

Answer next week

THE HEART'S COCKLES

No doubt you have had at some time or other an experience which "warmed the cockles of your heart," meaning that you felt a sense of comfort or happiness.

The ventricles (cavities) of the heart are sometimes called "cochleae cordis" and the saying has been derived from a corruption of the first part and a translation of the second part.

Marking Time

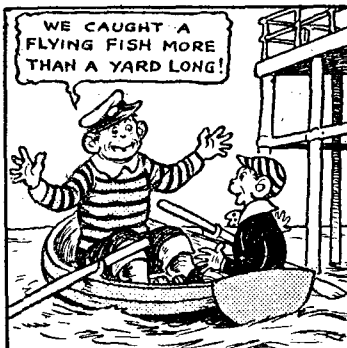
"Why aren't you practising on the piano?" called Mother.

"I am," replied Teddy.

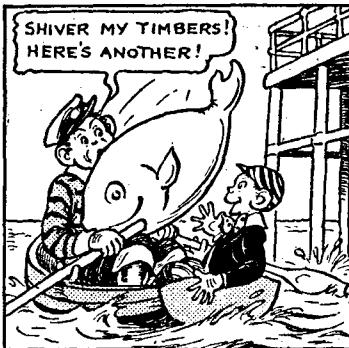
"You are not. You haven't touched it for half an hour."

"Well, Mother, there are several pauses in this piece and I am practising them over and over until I know them perfectly."

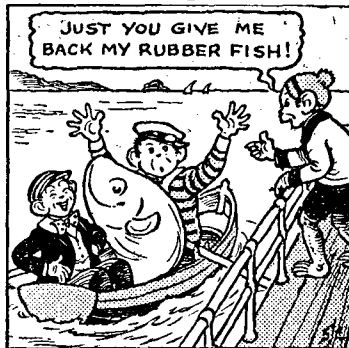
Jacko is Able to Tell a Fishy Story



"There's something 'fishy' about these stories," thought Jacko.



And the sudden intruder had something definitely fishy about it.



So Jacko had a fine fisherman's yarn to spin when he returned home.

STRETCHING A POINT

THE passenger dozed as the train travelled on, and awoke at the end of the track.

"I woke with a start, now must keep wide awake, Or else I shall never get back."

When later that night he returned to his home, They laughed when his story he sketched.

"The joke is on you," they all said with a smile, "But we think it is rather 'far-fetched.'"

Bald Facts

SAMMY SIMPLE says that when he gets bald he is going to paint a spider on his head in the summer to scare the flies away.

RODDY



"Perhaps he can't read, Daddie—shall we tell him?"

FLOATING MAGNETS

AN interesting experiment can be carried out with floating magnets. Take five or six sewing needles of the same size and rub the point of each needle on one end of a magnet. Make sure that each needle is magnetised in the same way so that they repel, and not attract, one another.

From a small cork cut a number of discs and through each one push the head of a needle so that the eye just projects. The needles will then float in water.

Put the discs in a bowl of water and they will take up positions at equal distance from one another, forming a regular pattern. Disturb them and they will form different patterns.

Catch Question

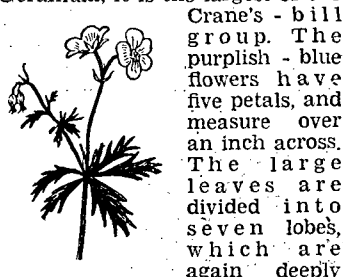
WHAT is it that starts when a car goes, stops when a car stops, is of no use to the car, and yet the car cannot go without it?

ssjou v

COUNTRYSIDE FLOWERS

Meadow Crane's-bill

MEADOW CRANE'S-BILL is surely one of the most beautiful of our wild flowers. A true Geranium, it is the largest of the



Crane's-bill group. The purplish-blue flowers have five petals, and measure over an inch across. The large leaves are divided into seven lobes, which are again deeply

cut into five segments. The plant is covered with soft hairs, and it will sometimes reach a height of four feet.

The seed-box is shaped like a Crane's bill, and it is this feature, of course, which gives the plant its name.

Children's Hour

BBC Programmes from Wednesday, August 3, to Tuesday, August 9.

WEDNESDAY, 5.0 Eight Hours on "The Capitals Limited," the King's Cross to Edinburgh express. Midland, 5.0 A Bobby Brewster Story; Young Artists; Up From the Country—a talk. N. Ireland, 5.0 Richard and the Tinkers; The Magic Feathers; White Hot Christmas—a talk; Dungannon High School Choir.

THURSDAY, 5.0 Baron Bear and the Prince (4). 5.30 Songs; That Reminds Me—a talk. North, 5.0 Brydon Family Play. Welsh, 5.0 Programme in Welsh. 5.30 Sports Roundabout.

FRIDAY, 5.0 Stories from the Arabian Nights. Scottish, 5.0 Young Artists; Scottish Bird Man; The Island of the Mist (3).

SATURDAY, 5.0 Merry Minstrel—a story; Sound Quiz. N. Ireland, 5.0 The Islanders (3); I Want to be an Actor; News Talk; Two Young Singers. West, 5.0 Mother Hankey's Animals (2); Purbeck Marble—a play.

SUNDAY, 5.0 A Clouded Star—a play.

MONDAY, 5.0 This Week's Programmes. 5.5 Dorcas the Wooden Doll (2); Songs and Poems. 5.30 The Schoolgirls' Exhibition. 5.40 Eric Gillett's Film Review. North, 5.0 Wandering with Nomad; Music; Commonwealth Affairs. Scottish, 5.40 The Scottish Zoo Man. West, 5.40 The Sports Coach talks about Games for Small Spaces.

TUESDAY, 5.0 Young Artists. 5.25 Cowlease Farm. Midland, 5.0 Mickleover Methodist Youth Choir. N. Ireland, 5.0 Light Hearts of Other Days—a fantasy; Lurgan Technical School Choir. North, 5.0 Newsreel; Music from Plays; Wild Flowers. Scottish, 5.0 Scottish Magazine for the younger listeners. Welsh, 5.0 Programme in Welsh.

Maxim to Memorise

THE river flows quietly down to the sea—but it gets there!

The Children's Newspaper, August 6, 1949

RELATIVITY

TRY this little catch on your friends. Ask them, "If my uncle's sister is not my aunt what relation is she?"

Few of them will say quickly that it is your Mother.

Skye Blue

THERE was an old lady of Skye, Who bought several packets of dye.

These she mixed in a pot And then swallowed the lot, Although nobody ever knew why.

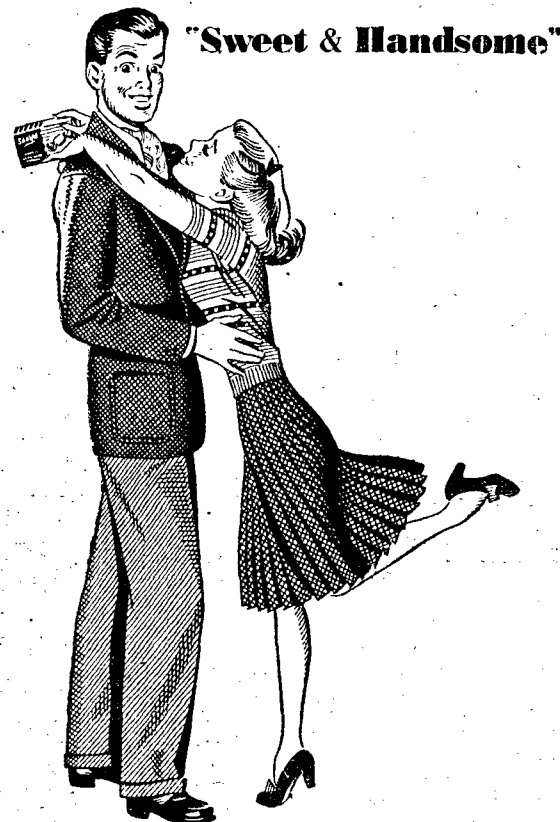
LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

What Am I?
Robin.

Anagram: Seal, leas, Elsa, sale.

Word Making
Masculine

HOST	HART
E	A
R	B
O	D
O	D
E	L
S	P
E	A
T	T
A	S
S	I
S	G
A	N
B	E
E	N



Sharps

Delicious

SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE

assorted flavours—now obtainable in the new attractive Rendezvous box

They need holidays too—

the children of the East End, whose playgrounds are the streets and bombed-out spaces. We shall be taking them out of it almost daily during the summer months, to Lambourne End in Essex; others to Southend-on-Sea.

WILL YOU HELP US TO DO THIS? Address: The Rev. Ronald F. W. Bellon, Supt. THE EAST END MISSION (Founded 1885), 583x Commercial Road, Stepney, London, E.1.

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CN token

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